

Private Diary of

Pinkamena
Diane
Pie

Do not Read!

or I will  you ☹️

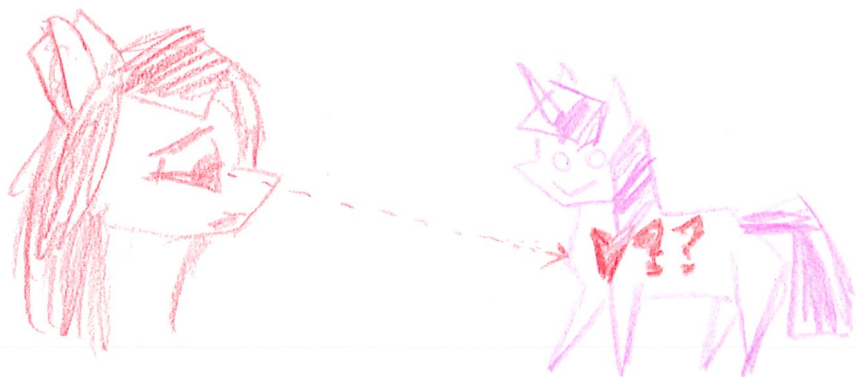
1012-02-23

Went with Twi to the tower
to watch the moon and night city.

She feels distant. Or is it just me?

How does somepony know what
another's heart really feels? I could
ask her how she really feel, but she'd
just say what she wish me to believe
how she feels.

How does somepony so perfect
deign to love a worthless and
fungible one like me?



1012-02-25

Nothing worth writing. Worked a lot.
I don't want to exchange my age for a
few bits and grown-up ... respectability.
Whatever you call it.

Cupcakes and muffins and cakes and
cheese puffs and moon mochi's ...

The damn marker smell is making me
dizzy. The shopkeep says I'll get used to it.
Lol right, like how old chemists can't taste
anything after burning their tongues on
too many chems.

I never expected doing what I love as a
job is going to make me sick of the smell
of that ... fresh cookies and over cleaners
smell equally horrible now... 

1012 - 02-29

Where the hell did the week go?!

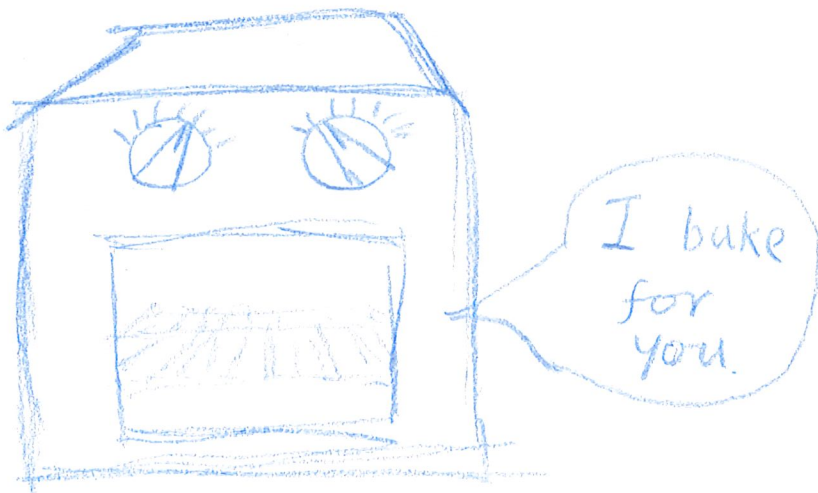
Oh right, down the drain like that
double decked sugar frosting that got so
damn preheated that it got stuck to the
walls of the oven.

I heard that they are working on
golem ovens that bake on their own.

Well good riddance. I'm sick of baking.

They can make a golem to bake for me.

They can make a golem to be happy for me!



1012-03-02

Have you ever wondered why I keep writing the year number?? It's not like it ever changes more than once a year, lol. Must be force of habit...

Yesterday Twilight brought me to the store to get me something nice and "Help me unwind." as she thought I looked worn off. Unwinding, sure. I tried to smile.

So many ponies at the store, and so little reason to be sad, or happy, or feel anything at all. Really... I thought they were all happy for no good reason, like how I'm all sad for no good reason.

Is this a contradiction? No! There is no reason to feel whatsoever. The p-zombies are right.



1012-03-03

~~But~~ this I need a holiday.

~~But~~ ~~But~~ ~~But~~

But what the ~~But~~ does a holiday fix??

It will all be alright if she replies...

at least until the next ^{It won't.} reply!

Why is nopony online??

^{cause it's I am.}

Shut ~~the~~ ~~the~~ up

Rainbow Dash is a ~~pony~~ cloud head.

Can somepony really be satisfied kicking balls on weekends and pulling levers on weekdays? All those medals are cool and all but does it really matter to anypony except a few fans on their days off?

Sports is such a weird thing. I don't get it. It looks almost

religious to me. How they shout and scream and speak in tongues and pray for miracles. Where in the brain is the sports center? Perhaps right next to the temporal lobe of theology...

Applejack is ... so down to earth I swear she has never experienced weightlessness. Not even on roller coasters. Even if she goes on a roller coaster, she will just feel gravity as normal. # That's it, that's my headcanon about how down-to-earth is she — even physics bows down to her aura of earthliness.

Anyway... She seems born to live, laugh, and labor. How curious. Why am I like this?

"Why r u so depress'd"

~~Some~~ she lost her temper once at me. Like, as if I'm a worm chewing

Live
Love
Labor
Laugh



"AT = L.L.L.L."

on her and wasting her time with useless sorrows. Perhaps I'm a blight. No, I'm not. Blight is ~~is~~ infectious, but others can hug me and still be happy... and symmetrically, I can get hugged and still feel sad.

AJ, anyway... she prefers to work. The farm will decay one day, but that is literally not ~~relevant~~ something ~~for~~ that worries her. Like...

- Don't you see? The farm will decay one day.
 - o Not today, or tomorrow, or as long as I live.
- But eventually...
 - o E-ventual-ly is for e-ventual-ponies! Why do you keep yammering about things that don't matter for us?
- Because I can't escape the 
 - o * Whips me with her hat *
(or at least, I thought she'd do that)

Darn it. I've trees to plant, bugs to kill, and budgets to plan. You think too much, and work too little. Find a hobby or something... or a hubby I guess... You know

~~Rarity~~ [♥] Rarity lol, fancy font

is really not that different from AJ, even if stylistically opposite. She works hard and achieves some little big fame, and that is all just fine with her.

She is probably going to find a nice stallion and just settle down and manage her brand from some high office in ~~Manhattan or London~~ wherever. Literally whatever. Last time she hanged out with us, we had some ~~spa~~ spa stuff then went to the park... I felt bored. She ~~was~~ was talking about fashion cycle and business, then started describing some romcom plot I guess. Really can't tell if real or not. With her ~~it's all~~ sadness is just a plot device, ~~on the~~ $\frac{1}{3}$ of the progress bar to the  Happy ever after

Fluttershy is... fine, yeah. Social anxiety and panic attacks, but she's getting there.

It's not a problem of philosophy. If you look into the ICD-10, there is F41.9 and F32. A, but there is no such thing as a code for "Involuntary fixation on the Eye of Eternity" or "Nystagmus, Nihilist subtype". Besides, what can they possibly fix me with? Lobotomy? Hitting my head with a book of inspirational quotes until I smile an idiotic grin?

I was at the animal shelter one day... I saw cats with one, two, three legs. I saw dogs with zero, one, two eyes. She mixed meds and water and I helped her with putting trays into the cages.

I felt distant. We then went to a pet cafe, and I tried petting each kind of animal there... rabbit, duck, cat, even an alpaca (lol).

I felt... nothing. The fur and the prickly

hair flowed over my hand, and... nothing.
No joy or warmth or ~~the~~ strength to live refueled.

What am I supposed to feel anyway??

That was the last time I went to a pet
cafe.

Twilight... oh Twilight. Her sweetness is
painful to bear. How can this last long?
I don't believe it. She is the sun and I am
the shadow. I want to die with her but she
is too important to die with an irrelevant
thing that I am.

~~Why did she have to~~ together

I want to die with her	4ever & ever &
I want to die with her	ever & ever &
I want her to die with me	ever & ever &
I want her to die with me	ever & ever &
I want to go down together	ever & ever &
I want to die with her	ever & ever &
I want to go down with her	ever & ever &
	ever



1012-03-05

Should have gone to bed earlier.

Woke up with a throbbing headache at 20, called in sick, then passed out again.

Messaged back and forth with Tun about the breakdown. I don't know what to do!

Getting older day by day. Therapy doesn't help me... Freudian, CBT, ~~psycho~~dialectic, whatever. Even love is not enough anymore.

I typed, waited, heard a message beep repeat. I stared at the ceiling, and saw chains criss crossing the air, a labyrinth with no walls.



labyrinth with walls

with no walls.

The world was created to say that I'm lost.
The empty ceiling is a desert, ~~with~~ a labyrinth
that I ~~can~~ will die in.

I think Twi is worried about me...
again. She deserves better.

1012-03-09

My birthday is approaching... Should do
something about it. Party, I guess.

It's just so much work... When are
they going to get the "golem that can be
happy for me" finished?

Fun fact: seeing your double-steff is a premonition
for death.

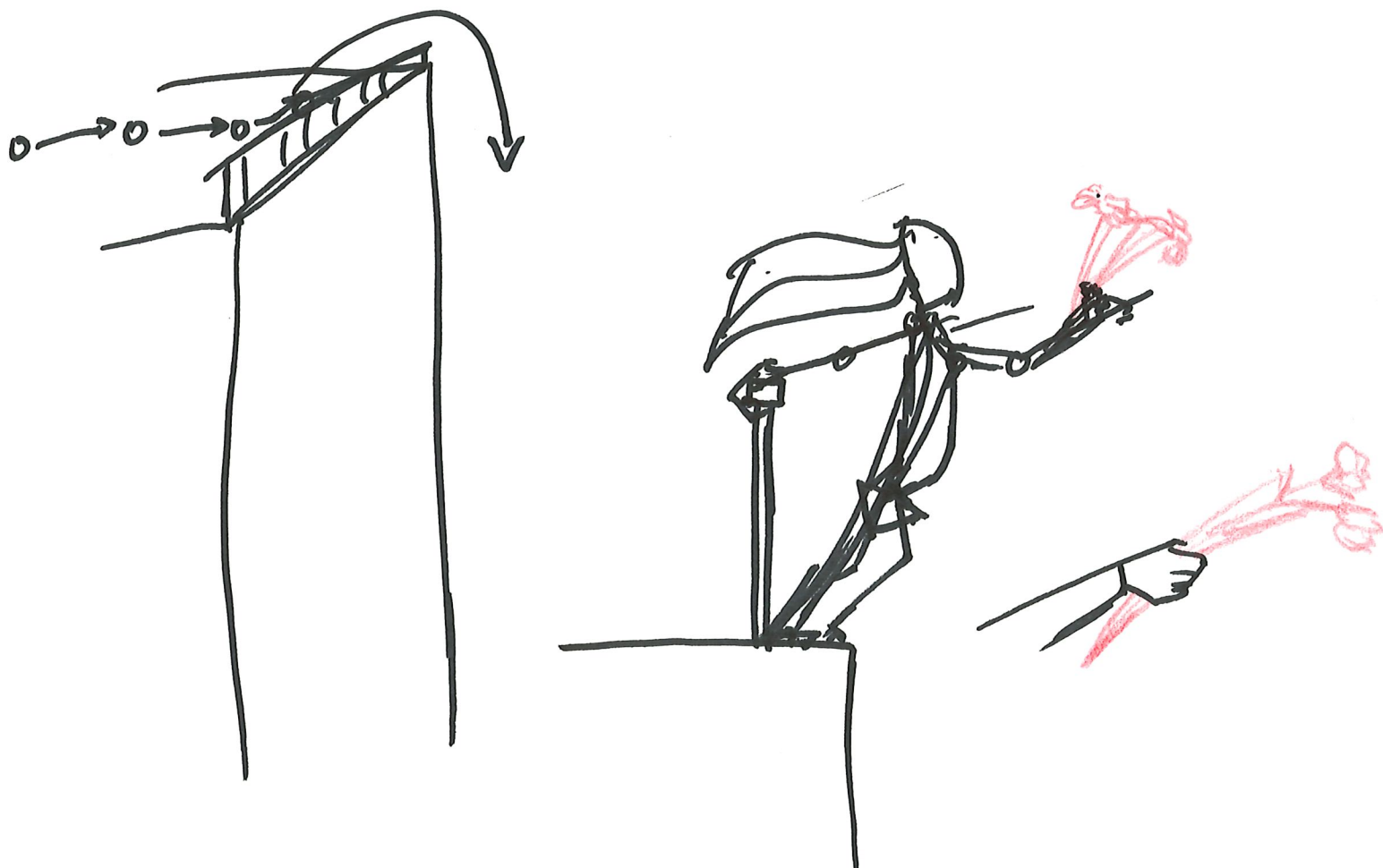
Why not? If I see my double-golem, then die,
that'd be good — the golem can live happily
and I can stop living in agony.

1012-03-17

At work, I fantasized about death again.
Almost lost a batch of cupcakes from over setting.
Must control myself.

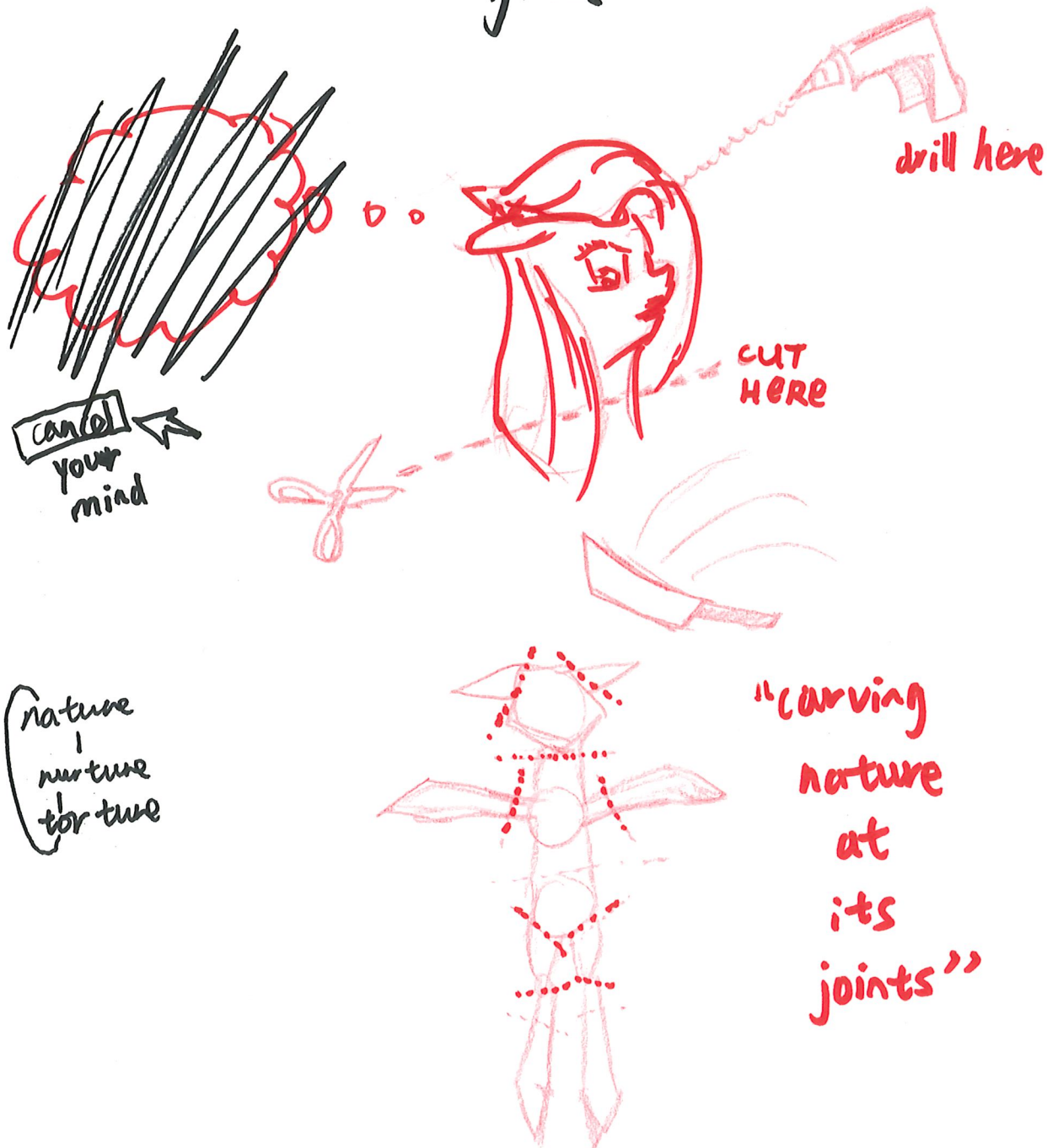
Over there I could see the roof-edge,
glinting with gold as the sun over passes.

I can hold a bouquet to the world
that I could not hate, despite it all.



1012-03-20

I wonder how much time it takes for
somepony to lose consciousness after head
is cut off. 5 seconds? Twi said I think
too much bad thoughts.



1012-04-01

Something feels wrong.

Something is wrong.

Something is wrong

Something is wrong

Something is wrong

Something is wrong.

I don't
understand...



1012-04-07

Two looked disappointed. I can't deny it.
I promised to cut less for her sake.

I thought right there was the end of
our relationship, and that realization was like a
bullet train rushing through ear-to-ear.

Why she wanted to keep saving me if I'm
not able to be "saved" by their standards?
I cried in shame.

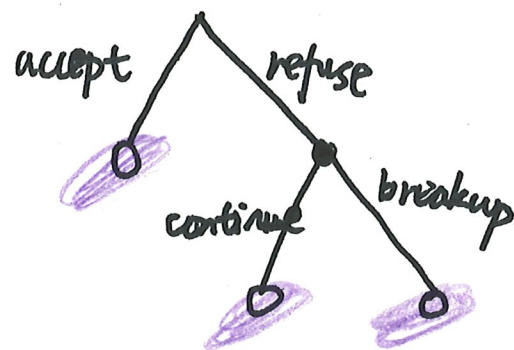
10/2-04-08

Twi spent the day with me. To keep me safe, so she says. Therapy again. Pointless, but Twi gave me a choice. Well is it a choice if it is made under duress?

Duress of love! SHUT THE FULK UP!!

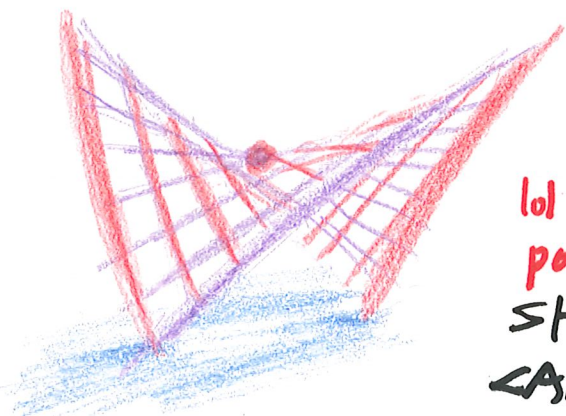
Either I go to therapy or the relationship is over. What a fucking joke my life has become.

		you	
me		breakup	continue
	refuse therapy	$\boxed{X}/\boxed{Y}$	$\boxed{X}/\boxed{Y}$
	go to therapy	$\boxed{X}/\boxed{Y}$	$\boxed{X}/\boxed{Y}$



DOESN'T WORK

XXXXXX
XXXXXX



lol that's a
potato chip
SHUT UP
CAN'T U BE SERIOUS
FOR ONE FUCKING DAY

OK. I know. It's the saddle point. Really, you think so??
Think what? that the game has a saddle point.

Uh... ~~he~~ yeah I mean... No! Love can't be a zero sum game.

So why did you draw it that way?

Because she forced me into it.

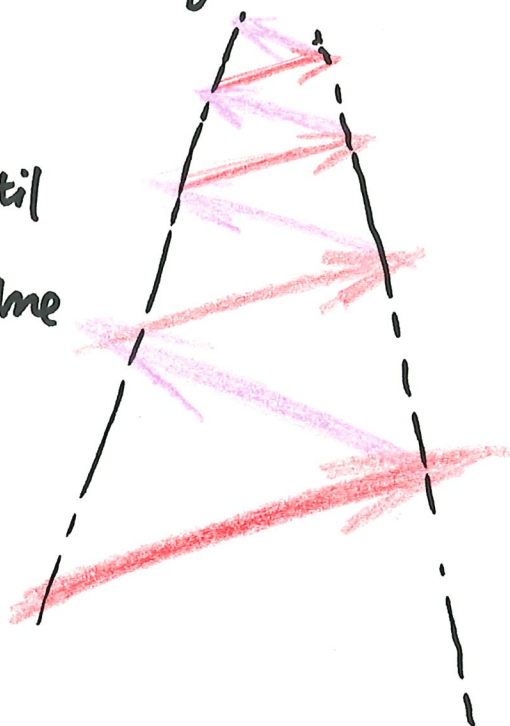
Because I forced her into forcing me

Reflection upon reflection

↻ and ↻ and ↻ until
it all collapses in a finite time
singularity and nothing can
continue after that...

I want it to stop

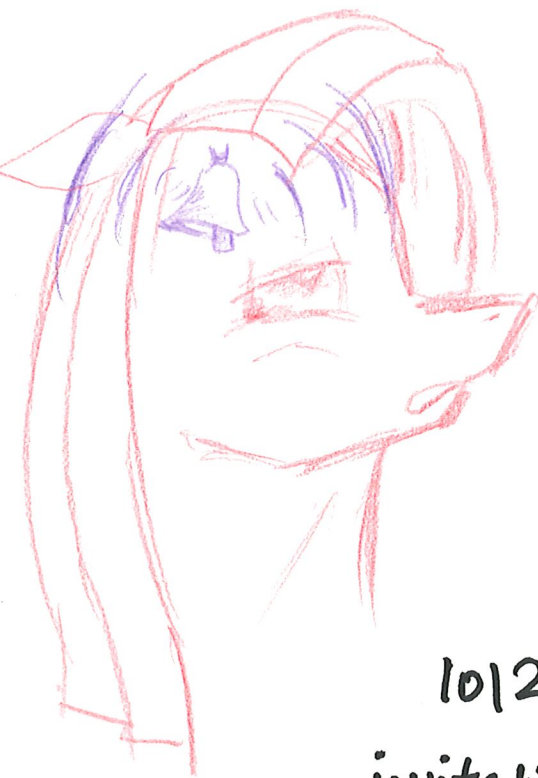
I want to truncate the
singularity away...



10/2-04-13

The therapist was... okay. She went through the usual list of things, like how she must keep it secret ~~until we~~ unless she thinks I would kill myself or sth like that. Lol, as if I'm going to do that **do what?** tell her, obviously. ~~when~~ ^{if} I die, I am going to do it quietly and plannedly.

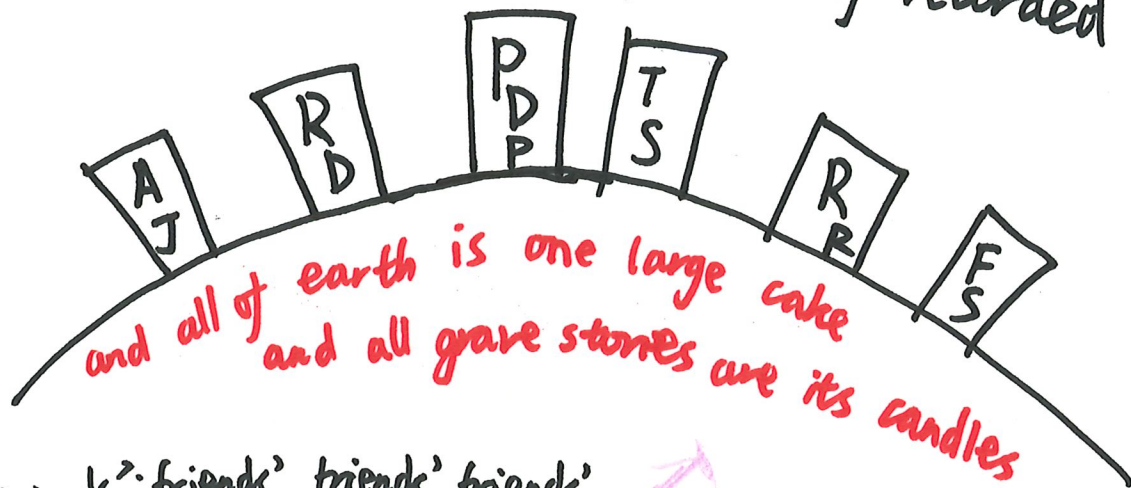
It's almost my birthday already. I'm hating it more and more each year. Like the funeral bell tolling.



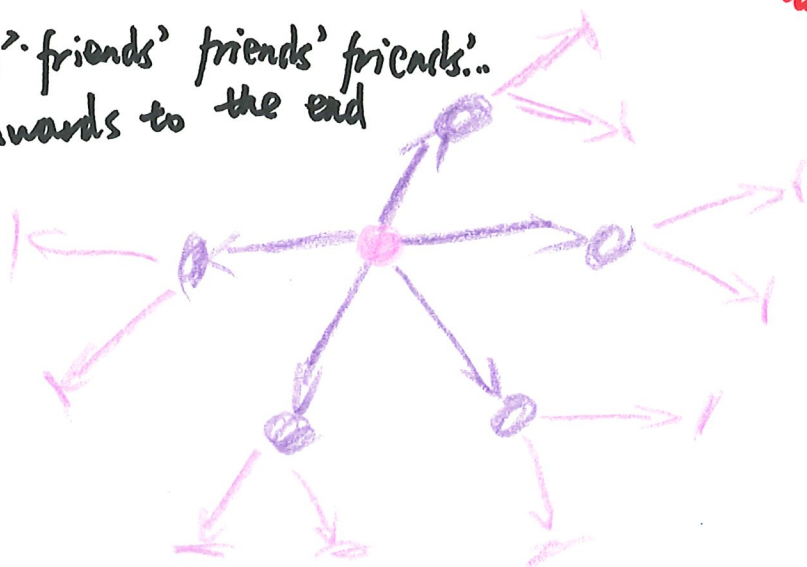
"I ~~feel~~ a funeral in my brain
and mourners to and fro —"

~~You don't need a party popper~~
~~you pop your own party!~~
SHUT THE FK UP

10/2-04-15 I sent out the party
invitations. Who the heck would want to
come anyway... My friends, sure. Friends' friends,
and so on to the last name of recorded earth...



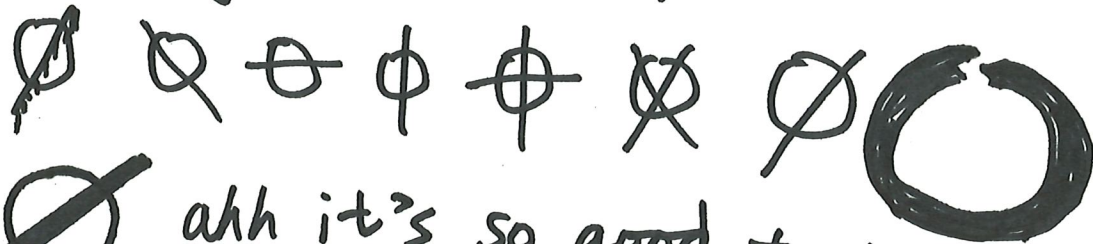
my friends' friends' friends' friends'..
and onwards to the end



and still we
all are alone
with our own
thoughts

1012-04-18

Another stupid day of work. No thoughts come to head. Great. It's terrible to have so much thought but no way to swat them off.



~~Ø~~ ahh it's so good to have no thoughts at all for once! Even that stupid **voice** is gone.

EMPTY empty **EMPTY** ØØØØØ EMPTY
EMPTY

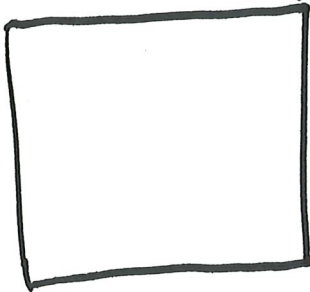
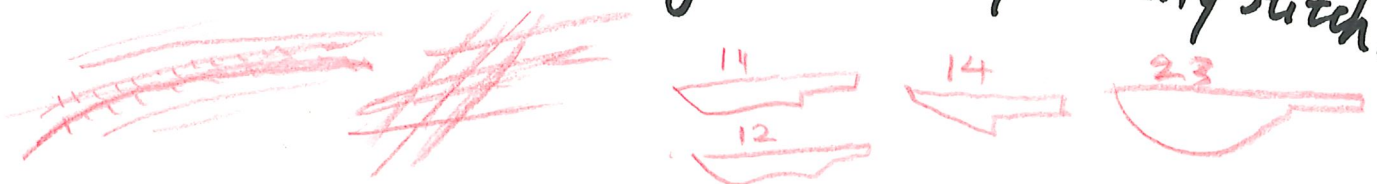


FIG. The brain of P.D.P. recovered from brainwares.

Ahhahaha if this is what death feels like I'd never have turned back back then...

If only I knew...

The scars are healing well. Itchy little scabs. Blood in nails. Tastes good. Itchy scratchy stitch.



1012 - 04 - 22

Damn great. Birthday. I don't know if I should be happy or sad about the party.

Over 20 ponies came. We were at Rarity's place as usual. She has money and Penthouse for fancy things. AJ and FS designed some party games. Then TS had a brief speech about how ~~honored~~ she is to be my friend, Cheesy.

R.D got blackout drunk on hard cider and puked, then immediately recovered. WTH.



she must be
80% liver

If some pony
makes her into
a pie, it would
be liver pie,

and anyone eating
that would get vitamin poisoning.

AJ mapped up the puke as fast as she could.
RR fainted (or was that just an act?) and

woke up a few secs later.

Whatever. We had strawberry blueberry cream cake. I preferred some potato chips. Getting kind of sick of sweets. When I was a filly I thought heaven is a big land where the sunshine is orange juice, the river is lemonade, the grass is frosting, the soil is apple crumbles, the pebbles are granola bits, the trees are laden with muffins and cakes... It has been years since I am in the land of milk and honey, and all things sweet. It's not as tasty as I thought.

Sometimes I wish I were somepony else. Maybe a mathematician like that classmate thought she'd become. She killed herself on the last day of class... ~~She gave~~ I still have that scalpel she gave me once. Probably super rusted now.

pīnkam $e^{i\pi} = -1$

← If I became a mathematician.

Maybe a mortician. If baking all day makes me sick of baked goods then morticing all day would

*you mean...
baked BADS???*

probably make me sick of dying and want to live... But again, if staying alive is already the full-time job of literally everypony alive, wouldn't it mean everypony must be sick of living?!

Maybe a princess. Sometimes I get lost in fantasy of another me in another place. I would be somepony important, save the world, become an immortal princess, and I guess spend the rest of my life writing tax codes and crushing the skulls of non-ponies, something like that.



Maybe that fucking irreverant voice can take over or what. It keeps laughing at everything but leaves the hard work of... you know, ACTUALLY staying alive to me?! It's like my life is a big live action comedy show and it is the premium customer watching the show.

I bet it
won't be
able to
laugh if it
were running
the show.



FIG. The Pinkamenu show

That's all I guess. Anyway, after the puke, it kind of made some guests want to leave. Soon there were 10, then 6.

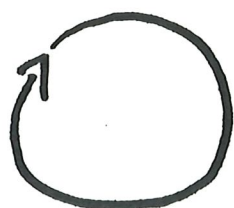
There was some cakes left. I packed some chips. I didn't feel like more sweets...

I would be sad no matter how many guests
anyway. 1? oh no I'm all alone. 2? Oh no
I'm almost all alone. 10? I bet they are
here for meeting their other friends, anyway. 20?
I bet next year they would not come. 30?
I am CERTAIN it will all go downhill from
now on.

I wish we have a time-amber. Freeze
all of it on one day. No more of past and
future. No more ~~age~~ birth — aging
death — sickness — it's so
tiring.
Tiring.

A music box perfectly repeating 4ever &
ever & ever & ever & ever & ever

Writing it 100000000 times is not the same
as literally a circular time...



is better than



10/2-04-23

I feel sick. I don't know why.
Slept all day. Saw the inch of sunlight
slowly creeping across the space between
the curtains.

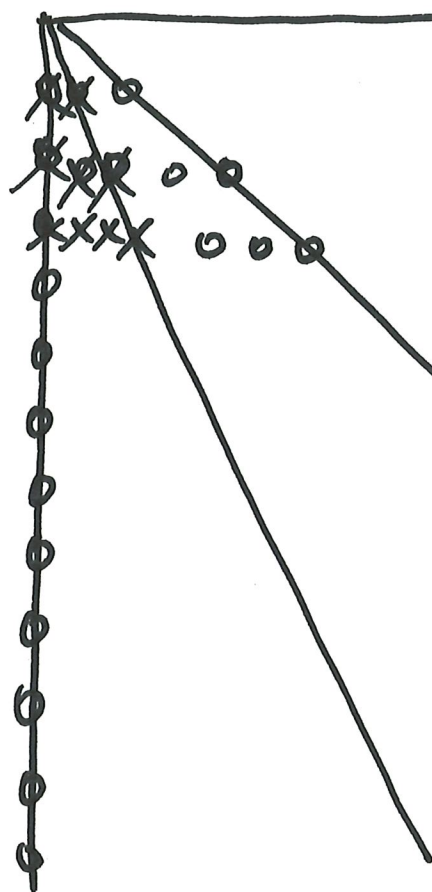
Another stupid day. I felt like I
have to do something, but what is the
point? Stuck in a game of no importance,
and wagering with gold-colored plastics.

Twii said if I still feel sick she'd
be here tomorrow, care for me.
I'd love that.

10/2-04-24 I am fucking healthy today.
Fuck my life. Not a single qualia
of nausea or pain. ~~FUCK IT~~

1012-D5-01

The therapist gave the medication options today. Saw my history of medicine. Somehow they invent medicine faster than I can try them out. This is hope — for Twi and the scientists. I know there is no hope for me.



If every month I can try one med, but they come out with two, I'll never be able to prove I'm beyond helping.

Is this hope?

Yes, for THEM.

10/2-05-04

Twii and I fought. Then I realized it was the end, and then I was sobbing and apologizing for everything that has happened and would happen eventually. It was ugly. She forgave me, of course.

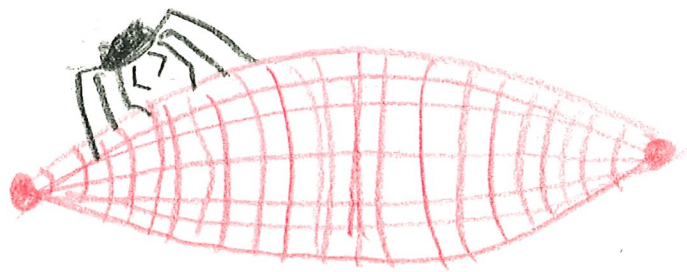


I stole a piece of her heart and scream and make a

mess of myself when I'm caught. It's so stupid. But she is ~~still~~ ^{mostly} I still live for. I wish she could stop feeling so happy. Then we will never need to see ourselves become strangers.

10/2-05-08

Why does the sun still come up? We are all already dead. We are the echoes of a future extinction, moving back in time.



Space and time is the web of a great black spider, The little nuggets

of happy events are the sticky saliva of it. The more we are happy, the tighter we are caught in this giant sprawling net.

We should stop looking for happiness, and start looking for a way OUT.

I have an idea.

I'll get that book tomorrow, or the day after. Whenever, really. No rush.

1012-05-09 Nice, it's still in stock.

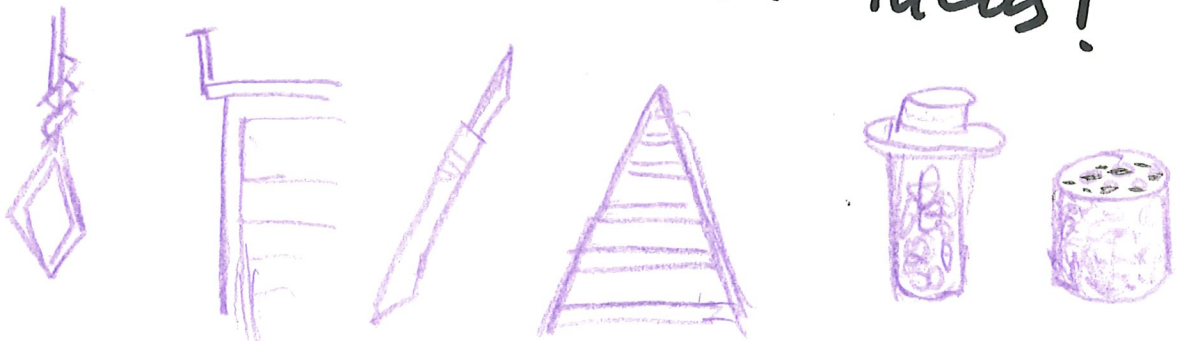
My last copy was almost found out.
I had to throw it out of the window.
Ugh, if I died back then it'd
have saved me a whole lot of trouble.

I remember the newspaper was all
about the "pernicious corruption" of this
book, like please.

Well, the book
should be here
in 3 days...



I'll write notes on what the book says.
Maybe I'll learn some new ideas!



1012-05-11

It's here !!!

Introduction

The book is a
"euth. machine in text"
haha. Words are danger!

A long vacation
sure, from my
thoughts.



day
week
month
year
again and
again...

Who the hell wrote that
stupid note in the margins?!

If suicide hurts so much then
we should invent smoother
ways to die!! Stupid shit
getting cause & effect all
opposite.

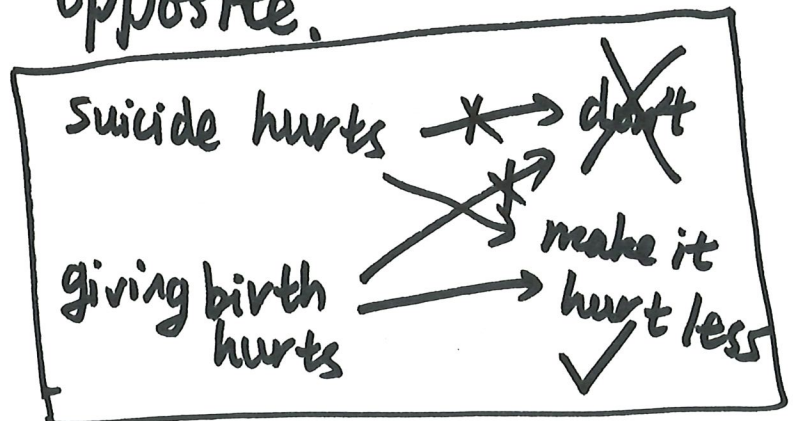
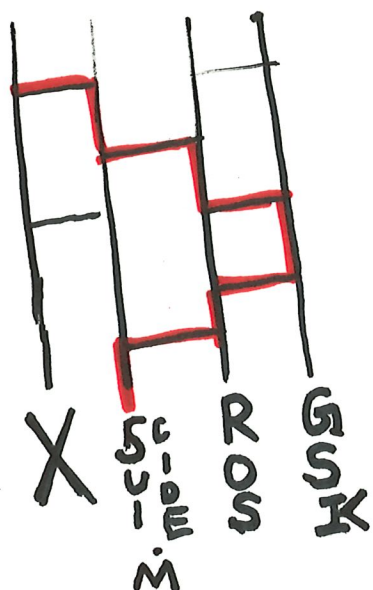


FIG. Pinkamena fixing
the ~~Play~~ logic for you.

Turn off the TV and sit in absolute dark!
like: ~~██~~

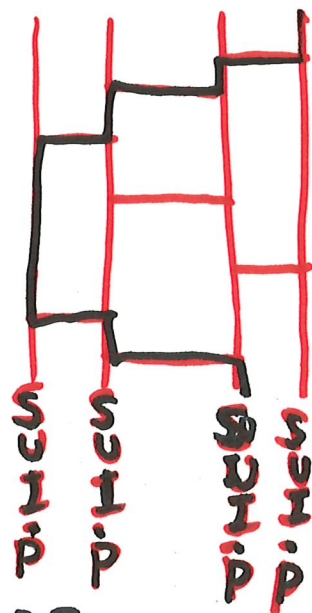


cool game,

but can be better

oh, I know what
you mean!!

Perfect



~~978~~ 0978-09-05

H & M forever

... & ever? & ever & ever & ever & ever

"Suicide is an active act"
yeah for real. The suicide machines
aren't coming. We have to do it ourselves.

Overdose

OK, this book is
really out of date...

Half of the drugs here
are off the market and
the other half are gonna
need two waitlists and months of wait.



Not to mention the dose guide is going to differ this much from pony to pony, and that ~~none~~ I'm going to puke it all out probably.

Vein injection...?

Really now.

I don't
wanna
die
~~from~~ as an
air-head.

my room
after me
trying overdose
haha

it's real art
when you try overdose on Skittles.
or RD's tail lot.



Risuron-S ... what even is this brand ??
Well, the translator didn't do a great job
turning the drug names into local names.
Whatever, ~~it's~~ it's not like I'll use this
method anyway.

Brovarin case studies. Case 2 is cool
really. Scientifically minded death.

Barbitals! Those were popular a century ago. Can't get them anymore. Except FS, b
She can get barbitals for vet work on the largest animals.

If only she is suicidal like me! Then we can die together while holding hands as the world ends for us together.

Aren't you dying with Twi?

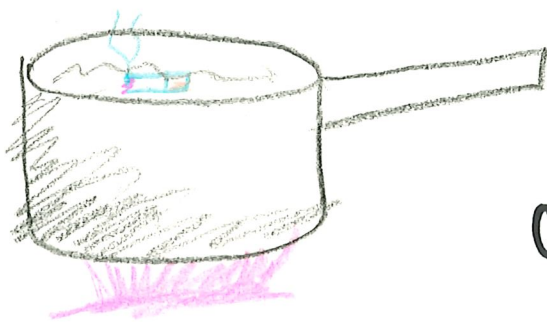
She's not dying. I got to take my second best.

Though even that is

only a fantasy...

Decadly cigarette soup nicotine overdose.

Really ?? Cigarette. Soup. Cigarette. Soup.



Gasoline ??

Who drinks gasoline??

Oh I know!

That golem who's happy for me!
It can drink gasoline for me!



Drinking a kg of
hair perm? Are you crazy?
This chapter is dumb!!! Ahhh!

2 kg of soy sauce?? 500 g of pure salt?
That's it! I'm skipping to the
next chapter.

Hangings

and some bonus material on suffocation.
Nothing much to say here. Hanging is fast,
and simple. I don't need a whole chapter
to know that lol.

Suffocation case studies are funny.
Who the heck suffocated by eating tissue
paper. Two cases??

Jumping

Finally something nice.

I have since many years ago dreamed of being a pegasus. Not in the sense of metaphor. I literally dream of it. In sleep. Often I am somepony like RD, and I would fly faster than wind, way up high, then dive straight down and pull horizontal at the very last moment.

I wish RD were suicidal, then we can have a nice last journey around the world, and when our hooves are too tired to continue, we will jump off the highest tower we can get to.

We will grip each other's hand and watch the ground zoom in. Or we can look at each other and burnish the smile into our brains.

Wouldn't it be funny if memories survive the splatting of the brain?

Or funnier: If practicing the art of memory very hard, you can keep your brain from rotting.



That mathematician friend I had. She died like this. Once she said to me, as if a joke "If I do it I'd do it in the middle of class. I would avoid hitting somepony else this way." She really meant it after all.

Blah blah... over 10 floors... yeah right. She died with 5 floors. Lucky I guess. No, really. Live on happily or die with bliss.

Jumping and surviving is just ugly.

Undead, unlive, ugly. Life is beautiful for some, and death is beautiful for others. Undead is ugly for all.

So, do it well or not at all.

Do or ~~die~~? live!

Wow, someone really survived falling off a plane? Even if it's because of snow...

It probably looked like this on the snow.



This hole! It was made ~~for~~ No.
Dumb joke.

"Because of pedestrians!"

Yes, as I was saying, she knew that, which is why she chose mid-class.

"What is the sound of falling?"

Japanese really has a lot of sound words. I say it's probably like balloons of water.

Friends are like balloons. If you stab them they explode.

Okay, this case is a bit funny. Somepony went to the mountain and then decided to live. Could not get down, and shaking all night in the damp cold.



The maps are so outdated now. Really. Who cares which floor that thing is in anyway?

Cutting

Ok, yeah, not going to work well pretty? Can be. Deadly? Can be.

Emphasis on "can".

Flutterby said that she have tiny

cuts on the flap of skin near the root of her right wing, because it's easily reachable with left hand, and because nopony would see that patch, since it's hidden well.



You know it's a Japanese book when it has Seppuku in it.

The author reasonably said

"This method is ridiculous.

It has 100 bads and 0 goods."

Somepony died after tripping over broken ceramic bowl? Weird. Is the neck so easy to pierce?

By vehide

No no no no no no

No no I will not traumatize somepony else no no no no no no

Subways? On this is definitely not relevant here. They might as well talk about funiculars.

Why is the "jumping into a volcano" thing here? Is this a joke?

Why would you want to become instant popcorn.

Two actually said something about it once. An ancient philosopher who did that to claim he would become a god. Something dumb like that. Earth to fire to water to air and such.

... Okay I take it back. The double suicide story at that volcano sounds great.

Me and Two can be double popcorn.

Would it taste like strawberry, blueberry, or what? I'm sick of sweets but I guess my dead body would be 80% sugar, already marinated on the job.



Oh wow, this method. When it's literally fire. Maybe for some kind of protest, but I'm not on some kind of protest. The world turns on its own, and our actions bump into it but only in different directions as ~~and~~ what we hope for.

You push up, they push left, and the world turns and tumbles in an infinite darkness. If you force a spinning ball to turn around its East, it will instead nod to its Front/Back. This is what gyroscopes do.

If you are perfectly machine like, you can suppress your urge to push this way, and push that way instead. But who can be like that?





Yeah, You.
You can turn the
world for me!

And the last case, someone who died to earn insurance money for his family. Isn't this insurance fraud?

In anycase, I don't like my family. Just... no. If my death can earn money for the real friends, I guess I'm okay with it. But again, it's not covered by insurance.

That's a funny thought to end the book on. Insurance is basically a gamble.

You bet you will die early, and the company bets you will die late. Suicide is also a gamble. You bet that life is going to be worse than no-life.

If we turn suicide into a gamble, then what plays the role of the other side?

That other side must be the side that profits if life will be better than no-life.
... Parents? Friends? Your will to live?

Hard to think. It's not something that can be betted on. It's similar to an insurance that pays out only when the sun explodes. Nobody would be around to collect the profit.

Still, if it is possible for life to be worse than no-life, someone must profit, even if that someone does not exist...

See this is why philosophy is dumb.



Wow, it's almost morning?!

I really must control my sleep schedule.

yawns

1012-05-13

Yesterday was short and so was today. I had a headache that made it hard to think anything, not even of the end of headache.

In the six stages of samsara, it's said that the animals are smart enough to know they suffer, but dumb enough to not know that suffering can end, that there is such a thing as enlightenment.



I was like that. I'm scared that it will be like that eventually, forever. Like, I will still suffer, but they will finally find the right/wrong drugs and words to keep me alive. They will say I'm cured,

and I will nod like a bucket on a waterwheel.

"Are you cured?"

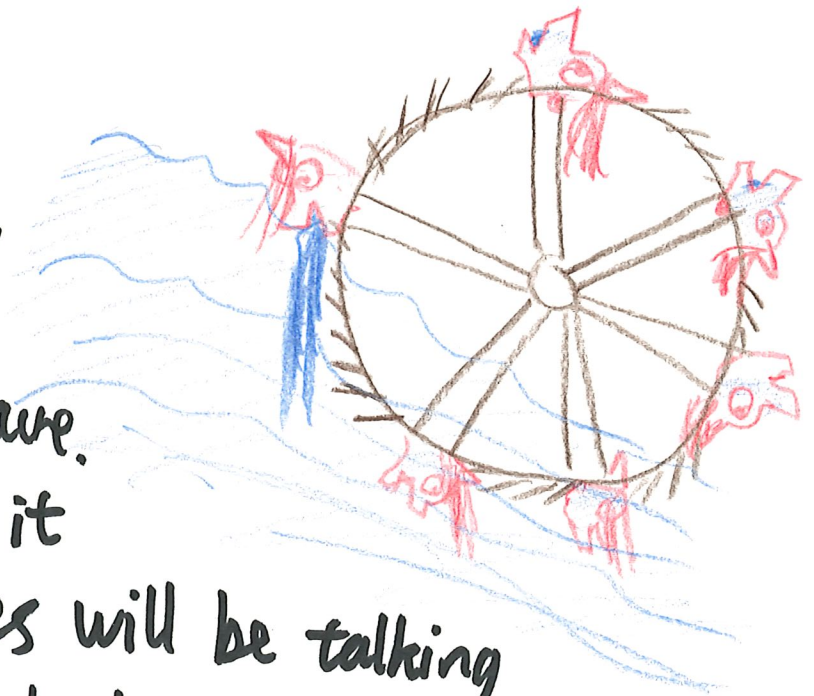
"Glg - yes - nod
- glg - yes - nod -"

That is a cool picture.

If only I invented it

back then, ponies will be talking
about the Curse of Waterwheel than the
Samsara.

Whatever. I kinda want to start a
new religion. I'll be the enlightened one
and our rituals are basically watching
a ~~water~~ waterwheel made like that. We
would make jokes about how the Samsara
plagerized us retro-casusally. Then
we will bring out the Holy Screwdriver



and unscrew the axis of the wheel.
It will splash and get us all wet, then
we will roll on the floor and laugh
and then eat a giant pizza shaped like
a water wheel.

Truly a religion for the modern time.

1012-05-18

Twii was angry at me. I could see
in her eyes. She was going to lose hope
in us. Well, I can't deny it. By her
goals, she has a great purpose in life
and has to eject me if I would otherwise
drag her down.

What can I look forward to, anyway?
a long and slow decline, a footnote to a
footnote (if lucky). When I grew up
I wanted to be a Princess. I wanted

to be a real one. Not the political ones.
The ones that turn the stars and heavens,
that are incarnations of Fundamental
Forces. Permanent disappointment
follows.

I hate mirrors. I'm so ugly, and
growing uglier everyday. I don't have
wings or horns. I am really supposed
to be okay with a life of baking,
watching bread rise, balance two rows
columns of numbers, and other dumb things
like that? Or foals. Ugh, I hate foals.
I mean, foals are fine, I hate raising
foals. Many are happy to devote to
foalraising. Fine for them I guess.

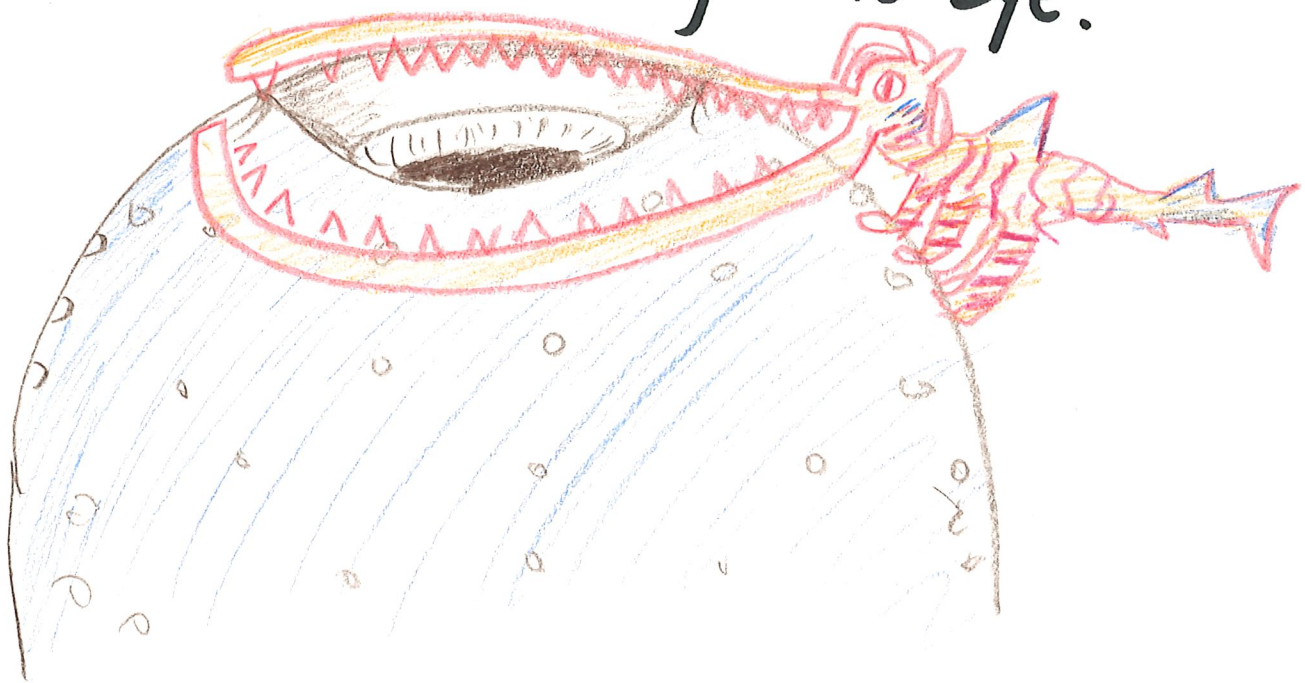
But I didn't ask to be born. I cannot
continue this cycle of abuse.

I am not supposed to be me.

I don't know what else to say.

I should have been

the child of a tiger and a shark
and I will scale the heavens by clawing
my way across the shining rivets, until
I have reached the giant unblinking eye.
I will open my jaw for ten billion years
at the fastest speed (of light), then bite
down. No more of the Eye.



10/2-05-24

I got new crayons! Yeee



For test: a big
cutie.

Colored pencils still
feels better though.

Any way. The week went by... again.
When I was a filly, days went by
longer than it takes for a half-polished
rock to roll from one furlong of soil
into another. Now that seems different.
Why is that? Is it because I'm
stuck with repeating days, repeating
activities, repeating thoughts?
And if everything repeats

a day and a month would feel
no different.

How am I supposed to feel
different, anyway? Everyday a little more
of the futures are snipped away,
and the future converges
fatefully, to the exact
 $1 \times 2 \times 2$ cube of earth
in which I am in.

I want to be a princess,
forever school, forever filly,

Growing up is a very bad deal. Calling
it good is like sour grapes.

So what if I can intoxicate and
inpregnate and all that stupid things?
I want a refund! I never



ordered these! // waves at the body //
Refund! Wow! ...

It's hard to think straight. Thinking is not just about having clever ideas, but also quiet room in the head. The bad ideas must stay quiet too.

My head is echoing all ... the thoughts. If only everything can  for just a day. I just keep tumbling ever forward into the future, always not ready.

1012-05-31

Terrible day, as usual.

I can't take another day like this.

All my suffering. Can't take them out. Can't liquify them. Can't catch its vapors. Yet real.

How am I supposed to keep this up?
For what? If Twi isn't coming I
guess I have to do it alone.

It's a dilemma. A contradiction. A
monster. A joke of nature. A living
thing struggling to leave.

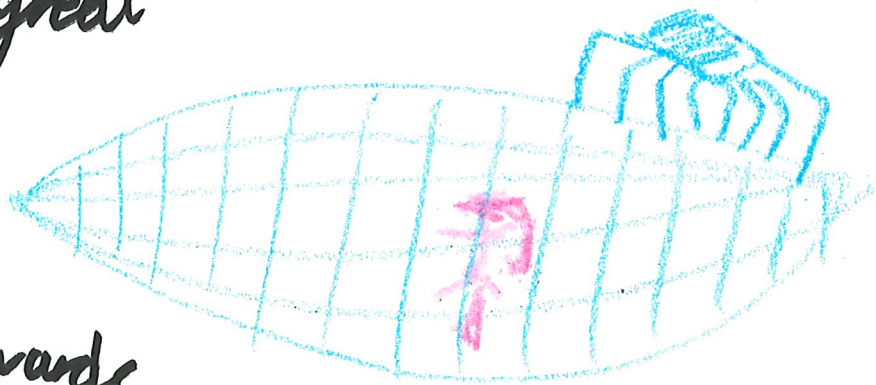
Imaging. Space time is a giant
spider net. A great

black spider

is creeping towards

you. You are caught on the web, and
you are suffering. Shaking, struggling,
crying, as the spider crawls closer.

~~But~~ Now suddenly, a pair of
scissors appeared before you.

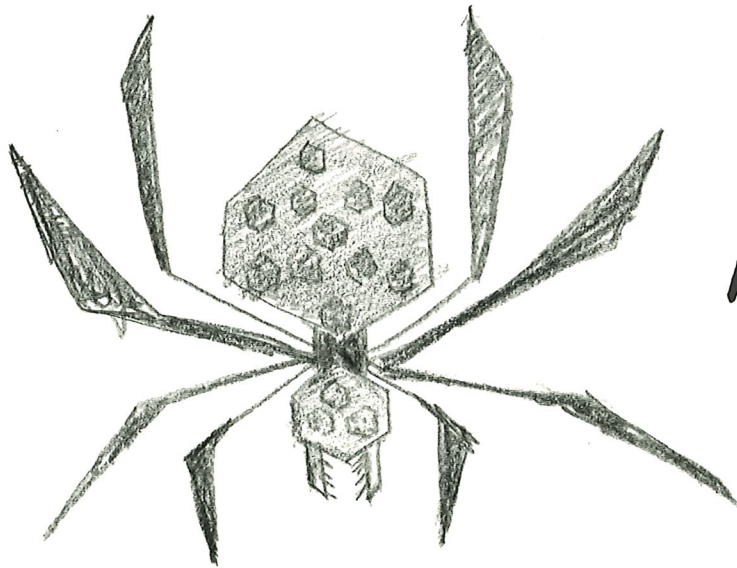


You can take the pair and snip
yourself off, tumbling into the most
empty vacuum, where even thought and
time is emptied away.

Or you can keep shaking, and feel
the murmuring teeth of the Great
Black Spider march slowly through
your body until you are nothing
but a cell of the Spider.

The Spider is called History.

You
are
nothing



I
eat
nothing

The Great Black Spider

1012-06-05

I can't I can't I can't

Everyday is pain. This is damn stupid.

Cotard's Delusion is when somepony believes she's dead but is not.

It is funny because they also become insensitive of pain, because "I'm dead. I can't be in pain — duh —!"

I'd like a bit of that.



Shh... it's okay

she has never been alive
after all

All were merely the
swerve of atoms
in the



void

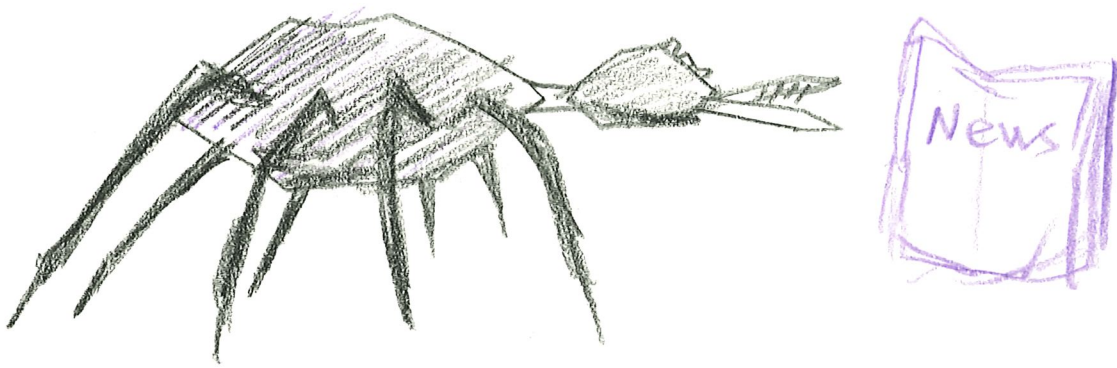
1012-06-08

At work. Accident. Imaginations growing harder to control. I see ponies with skulls on the back of the heads. I see flaming incinerators and bone ashes in ovens. I dropped the pan of batter in shock. I had to make a new batch. The pan was scratched.

Why is it all... so stupid?

The land of living is already turning into death in my vision.

I wake up, see nothing, then the new day resolves into something. The spider belches, another stack of newspapers it has just eaten. I hate this. I don't want to feed the spider.



1012-06-09 I broke down at
work. Probably scared a few customers.

I have a long holiday now.

I cried all my way home.

Who cares if I lose my job?

Who cares if I rot alone?

The spider is omnivorous.

The spider is omnipresent.

The spider is omnivalent.

The spider is omniscient.

1012-06-14

At therapy. New medication. I don't think it will help. Stupid. Twilight was there. She was so worried.

I felt distant. How did the world move so far away? I feel as if the world has shifted by 1 meter in the 5th dimension and now I'm a phantom, a shadow on the world brane.



Every pony ignores me.

I ignore everypony



Except me. Even you. You are not real either, only a different mood.

A different color. The same feeling of...
It's okay. I love you. Ha, ha, ha.

Pretend it's real. Fine. What do you say?
I love you and I will listen. I understand
since you are me. Desires. Want to hear mine?
Of course. No judgment? **None.**



I want to be
a princess forever
living on the rock
farm forever no parents
no siblings no just
rocks and numbers and
rows upon rows of
long high antennas beaming into
the night sky playing the ionosphere
like a theremin. The school never
graduates. The teachers never retire.
The students never get older. The
homeworks are never over. It only

gets more and more involuted.

I never need to prove myself existent.
History is dead. Spider is gone.

I exist, you exist, in the eternal
NOW. The Eye is blind.



Forever is mine and mine only.
The aurora is my mane and the
antennas are my feathers and harp.

harpsicords. Forever. My classmates
come every New Year's Eve to watch
my harping. I can finally enjoy New
Years since the years no longer matter.
Years and centuries are only seasons
and the rise & fall of a single breath.

Forever. Forever and cycling and always
the snow and the cloud and the
cloudy skies. Memories are forecasts
and predictions are chronicles.



1012-06-21

Twilight stayed with me all day. She is probably getting bored of me already.

"It's repetitive to be sad" they say.

Is being happy not equally repetitive?

See, to be happy is to be in a happy place, which is pretty much the same place. How else do ponies manage to stay "happily married" for decades? Don't they get bored?

No — they are repeating the same GOOD day. That is boring, but pleasantly boring.

But seriously, I fear that the "happily bored together" isn't

going to work out with me & Twilight.

We are going to fall apart. I fall apart from everypony in the end.

So why is that? No idea. It just seems like I keep falling away from ponies.

Remember elementary school's best friend? You ~~got~~ ~~tryin'~~ tried to stay in touch, but you fell apart. That helpless falling away feeling is me with everypony.

It's like the Big Rip is here for me, trillions of years ahead of schedule.

When we met first in high school, she captivated me with her strength and talent.

but why did she choose me? It confuses me still. She should have picked some other pony, less depressed, more avid of life. All I'm good for is to

draw, bake, dress pretty, stay affectionate
(at least, pretend so), ... I feel like
she deserves better. My golem-substitute
would be better. My golem would be
fine with living and would not pester
her with Hopeless requests of going
to down together.

princess
Twilight
other
me
dig
eat
monster
fear
plant
somewhere
I don't like
rocks I go
down and
supposed to
fill all the
space
It's a Scala
Natura
and we can
go down forever
until nothing
is left

going down

no no no no no

It is hopeless

Neg neg negative

trapped by

overlapping



constraints

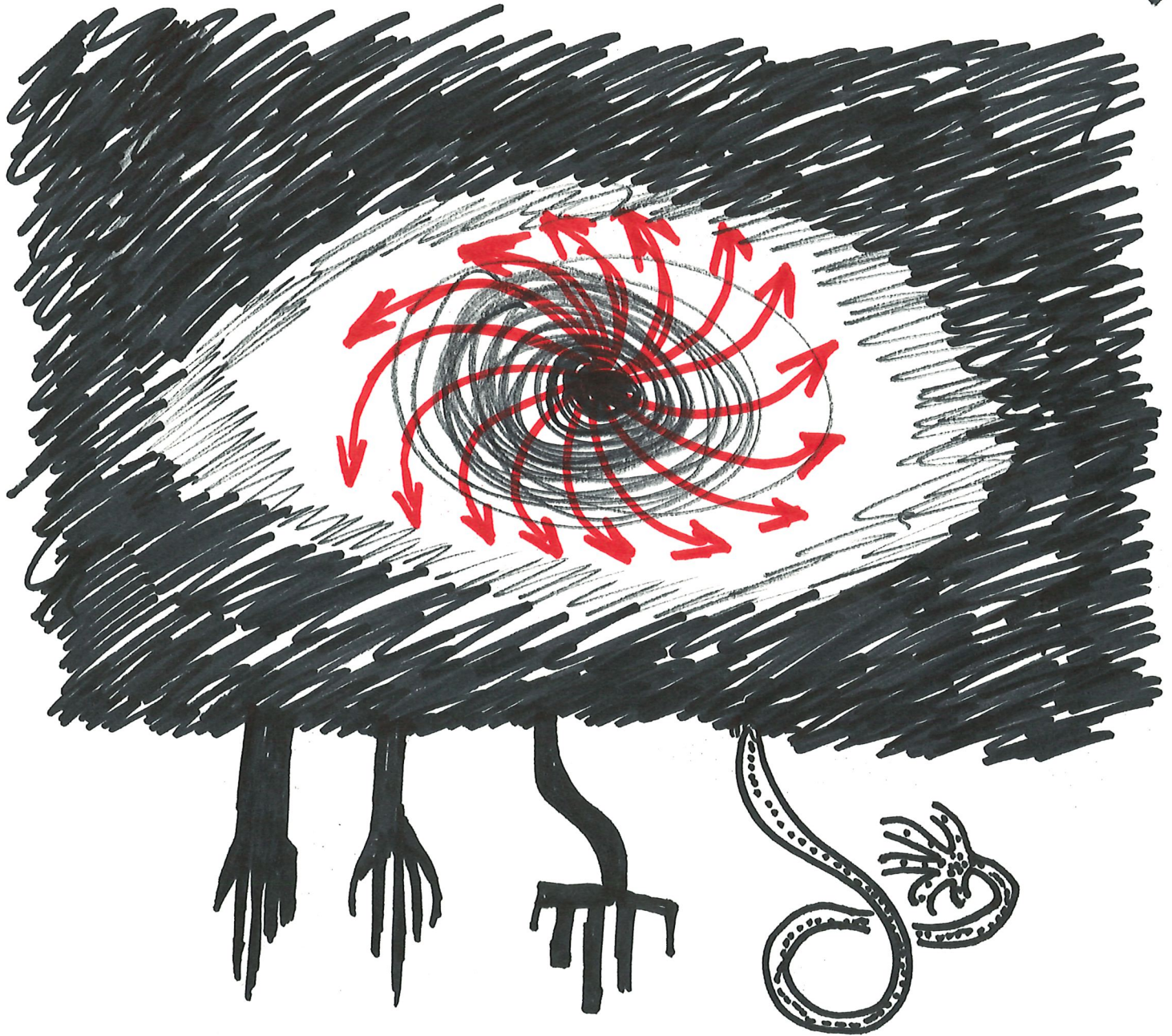
Trapped.

Trap is my body.

10/2-06-28

on the street

I saw it it saw me it was watching
It is searching it is hunting
seeking staring saccading never blinking



I saw

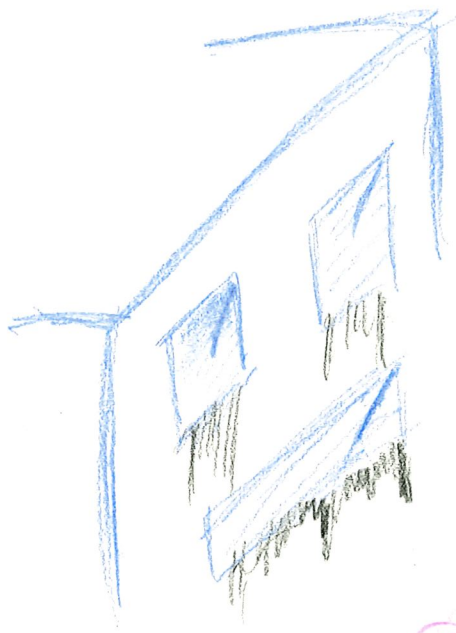


I see



1012-06-30

The psychiatrist said it's a depressive psychosis. It is cool whatever she calls it. The point is that I see what I feel, but I still know they are not really real. Lucid dreaming while awake, basically. Lucid waking. *What did you dream?*



I see buildings dead for 300 years. Empty window sockets weeping gray dust silicate tears.



I see walking skeletons in a reverse - Cotard delusion. Dead but not knowing it.

And I looked up and saw
the eye staring...



And I shut my eyes and saw it
staring behind my eyelids...

And I slept and saw it staring
through the electric chatter of my V1 cortex

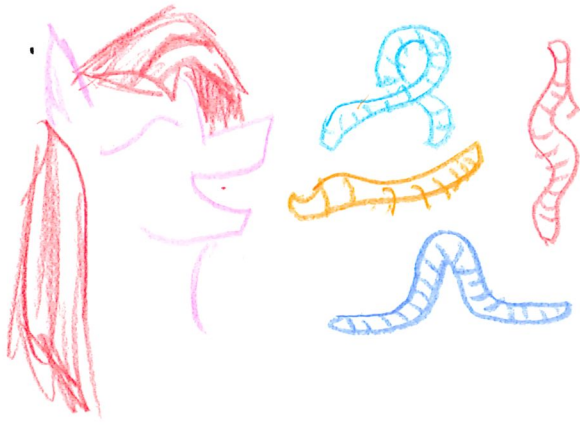
And I tasted the tongue of ashen eternity
when Twi kissed me...

It was all I could manage to not simply
gag out of the horror...

How could she not smell the rotting
flesh in my cheeks?

At least the worms are fine. I ate
lots of worms when I was a filly.

Now the food looks like they have
crawling worms in it again, but it
tastes surprisingly nostalgic!



I should do it once
as a cool joke.
See if they will laugh
uncomfortably.

10/2-07-05 There is a throb, a
buzz, a repeating drip-drip-drip in my
skull. *Boring. Talk about somepony other
than yourself. How about it?*

Fine. I guess I can think about
the future of my friends. I'm not
going to be around to see their rest
of lives, but I can see clearly how
it'd go.

They will mourn me, and keep doing
that for at least three more years,
but after that, who knows? They have
more useful ways to occupy their minds.

Anyway, here's to the future of the living.



Obvious. Mechanize the farm. Tractors. Maybe a cider distillery. Probably several foals, raised not by her, since she's got work to do and bits to make.

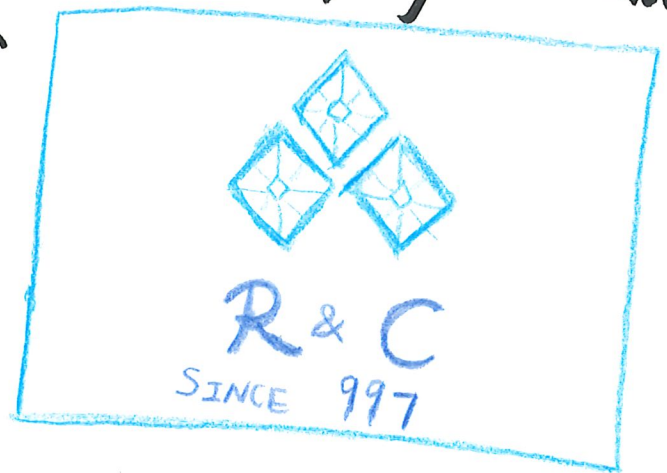


Maybe some kind of shelter boss, zoologist, or just a shelter girl forever. She'd be fine with all of those.



Enter the high society as a new rich, but of exquisite taste. Then idk, ~~become~~ a family of hereditary fashion tsars.

Her tsardom's trademark
I guess →



Die in a sports competition and be given the gold medal posthumously. Like Arrhichion.

No, seriously. She should try that. It'll mean she'll go down in history as the legendary madmare who ~~died~~ even death could not stop her from winning.

Some might say her life is the flat joke showing a shallow life dedicated to winning. She'll just laugh and win some more.

Hard to imagine her accepting an old age, though.

Maybe she'll see that dying is a better plan.

★ Well, if we were in that magical world, I feel she'd become a real princess. In our real world though she'd have to settle for more worldly achievements.

Perhaps a scientist, or a presidency. Hard to tell.



"Even death could not stop her from winning."

In any case, she would find some kind of irreducible value in me either if I lived or died. Optimists are like that, Meh.

When she dies the newspapers would report about it, with important ponies sending in important letters about the important things she did for the sake of love. Surely this is her enviable fate.

"Why not do something you love?"

"I would love to die with some pony I love."

And the thought returns to the same dead-lock. Must solve this.

1012-07-13

Here is another metaphor.

Many ~~ponies~~ ^{plants} live on the same island.

A fire burned down half of the island. The other half goes in. At first, the low brushes and grass,

then the bamboos, then the small trees,
then the big trees. The idea is that if
I'm born too early or too late, there
is no niche for me to be in.

This is how I feel. I feel like
I was misplaced. Like I should
not be here. I look at my hands
and I cry. Why am I here? I do
not want to stay. Let me go.

It has been so many years. When
will I finally be released? Again
and again I pose the question. Why
do I have to stay? For whom?

1012-07-20

So what if I bleed out? It hurts
more to handle my day than to cut
my wrist. So what? The maze
of words and logic always traps me.
Again and again I try to prove

the possibility and again and again they deny it in so many voices: angry, sympathetic, clinical, old, solemn, happy, exasperated, frustrated —

Frustrated. that is the word. I feel unbearably frustrated. Suffer, alone, and never understood, never admitted as valid.

I'm going to go mad
I can't take it anymore
Why does no one accept
myself. I don't want to keep
it up. Life is not a responsibility
or a duty. Why is it so hard to
get it into their fucking
SKULLS I'M sick of it

No pony believes me No pony accepts
me Being dead is really what I want
If I can be that princess of eternal
school then life would be alright
but as of this life I have I don't
want it. See, some ponies would
hate the eternal school life, and so they
get this "real" life that is very temporary.
Good for them! For me... I want to
leave this "real" life, just like how they
would try to leave an eternal school
life. Why are they right but not
me? It's mad, crazy, frustrating.
It's impossible to get them to
understand if the uniqueness of
reality depends on their NOT understandi
it.

No pony understands they all want
to cure me they want me to be
happy with the life they believe in

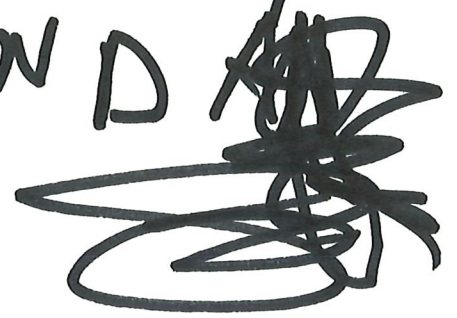
I can't take it anymore fuck
fuck fuck punctuation fuck grammar

I just want some pony that gets it
no pony does they all turn away and
decorate the life like a Potemkin village

I don't want to stick around I don't
want to grow old I don't want to grow
up I don't want to justify my death

If I die I die why do they keep
saying it's stupid or a loss why does

no pony UNDERSTAND ~~AND~~



1012-10-02

Fuck it...

Such a long time. I guess... just basically. I got sent to the psychiatric place for two months. Since the last entry. I was on the floor. Then Twi had the premonition to check on me, and of course she would assume the worst when I didn't answer the phone. Crazy extrasensory.

In any case. I don't know what to do anymore. Can't believe "failed to die" is now part of my life experience.

Twi seems to be running out of patience. That much is certain. I feel the needle like stares of her saying effectively, "You brought this to

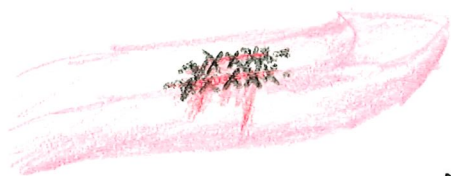
yourself." How do I stand up to the pro-life culture as ancient as the whole earth itself?

I can't get it to listen, not with understanding.

My apartment is tidier than when I was taken away. AJ said she did a little cleaning. Not a trace of the blood. Did it happen at all or was it a bad dream?

The future in effect has been cancelled. I just need to make a proper announcement.

When they hear about it they will understand. There are hundreds of other examples for them to compare against.



The stitches are hard to see now. It was not a big cut after all.

1012-10-09

Work... I feel surprised that they still allowed me to return after all that. So what, though.

Can't we just cancel it all?

Cancel the stars, cancel the sunrise.
Cancel the burials. Cancel the atmospheric convections. Cancel all of it.

Reality calls sick today. It will not show up anymore.

I can't find something still.

How am I going to last till my next birthday?



I feel so empty in the head. Kind of better than when it's so noisy. Still, feels like I must fill it with... something... anxiety...

10/2-10-16

I read about the loneliness epidemic. Looks somewhat like me. Still, I hang out often with the girls, and I still want to just quit. I think more than the loneliness is at issue here. What?

Phi-lo-so-phy ~? I'd say that if only it's a serious idea. The thing is hard to take as more than a post hoc justification ~~than~~



It only leaves, then, "a vague sense of unease" or maybe, the after taste of a vague sad afternoon dream. Waking up with a headache, I only glimpsed the stranger's face fading from the visual-cortical noise.

Why can't they see the world like me? Why can't I see like them?

10/2-10/20 20

When life is running out of things to say — what else than the mere increase of garbage and decay? — maybe we can write some poetry.

Life is a bout of insomnia, ~~it's~~ ^{inorganic} matter having a nightmare.

Even the dead ~~are~~ pressed into support for the living. Why else do the ghost stories, where the afterlife seems so great, insist on living your "natural" life, as if it's the price of entry to the paradise theme park?

I know I'm nothing, but I still have to confirm it experimentally.

Before the Eye of Eternity all motions are indistinguishable from freezing. The stare petrifies us. We move only by blindness. Even death loses its finality in the Eye.

Which is heavier: a gram of feather
or a gram of being? ~~And~~ ^{Being} for a gram
of feather is bearable, but the unbearable
lightness of being...

Nirvana and instant satori, lightning.

In the far future we will be seen
as harbingers and visionaries who have
foreseen the optionality of existence.

Mirrors and copulations are abominable
for both multiplies the number of ponies.

I share my fate with hanabi:
we realize our nature by burning up.

A certain mare buried flowers after
spring. Who buries dreams after dawn?

They have turned all monsters into
shadows of the mind, including suicide.
But we still die from claws and teeth
even asleep, even mindlessly.

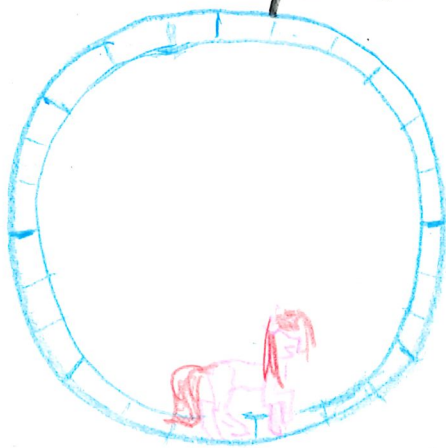
What I meant is that suicide is a murder where the killer is hidden, like a locked-room mystery.

1012-10-25

Just the prospect of seeing the date

"1013-10-25" gives me a nausea. If

I were to reform the calendar, I'd declare that the days would change no more.



I will take a big scissors and a big tube of glue, then snip history into little days, and glue each day to its beginning.

"This too will come again."

is more comforting than the "shall pass" version. For me at least.



WHO KILLED PDP?
A LOCKED ROOM MYSTERY.

1012-10-28

For my last note, it should be fun to read. It should make them laugh. There are enough sad notes. I got to stand out somehow!

Before it's over I should bring back some of the energy from long ago. Pinkie Pie's farewell show.

I'll write a little everyday. Humor accumulates, can't force all of it at once, after all.

[Appendix. It didn't turn out very funny.
She clearly overestimated her funny bone.
1012-12-02]

[Appendix². That date is a fake. 1013-01-01
is the real date. 1013-01-11]

[App³: What is going on ?? — T.S.]

[App⁴: Oh hi T.S. in my head! Don't mind us.
Just some dumb meta-humor.]

[App⁵: I've a truly marvelous joke, but the margin
is too small to contain it.]

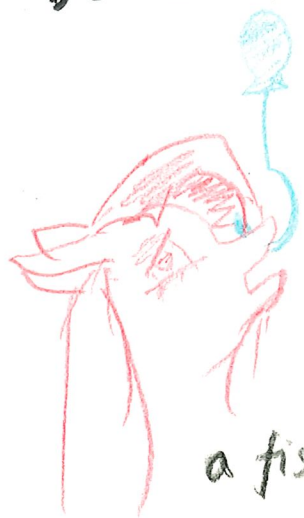
When you are in the dark for a long time, your eyes become so sensitive that you start seeing things. Sparks of noise on retina blossoms into full hallucinations. Social isolation, ~~invention~~ daydreaming about tiny social touches.

But when you try to come out again, the full light stabs your eyes and you scream and ~~crie~~ and retreat back to the dark.



When I first got my mark, ponies saw it as a promise of easy happiness. My one sad friend said, "Perhaps a burden, or a mark of loss, a fossil, a joke."

She is right after all. The mark can be so much more than a talent or promise.



a fish hook



a noose

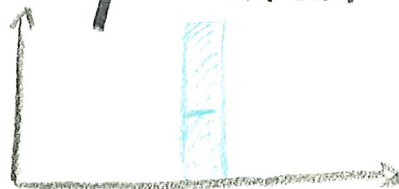


a burden

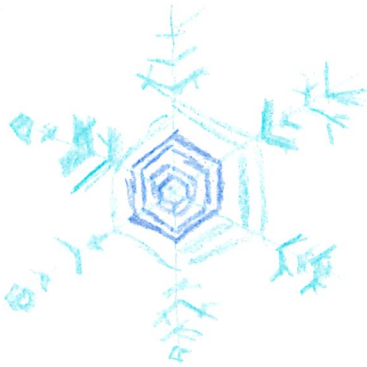
She is just a statistic now.

Could have waited. We could become a statistic together.

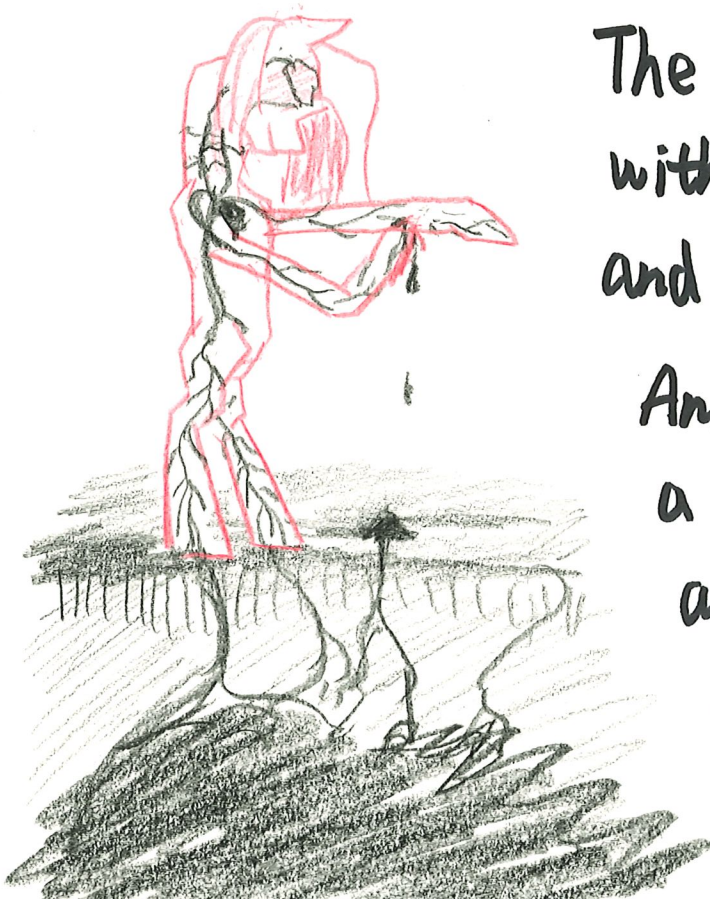
Somehow, $1 + 1$ and 2 makes all the difference in my mind.



~~Why~~ Watching an inch of sunshine
you notice little dancing
white anorexic worms.



The first dawn
after a night of
snow. Looking up, a
single flake falls on your eyes. The tears
of heaven and of your eye melt to one.

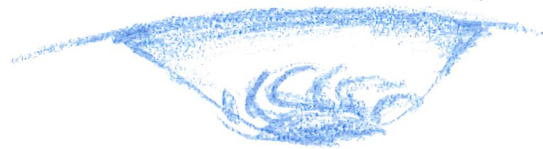


The earth gently merging
with both your blood drip
and the frog of your hoof.

And you are washed with
a great dark circulation
as if the black blood is
in the earth.

Thus you feel your
existence.

Looked at from the Eye of Eternity,
all my pain and reasons to die are zero,
and all their joy and reasons to live, too.
So why live, or die?



I lost the staring contest.

What drives me crazy is the
asymmetry. If "this too shall pass"
means no pain is worth dying for...



it must mean no happiness is worth living for.

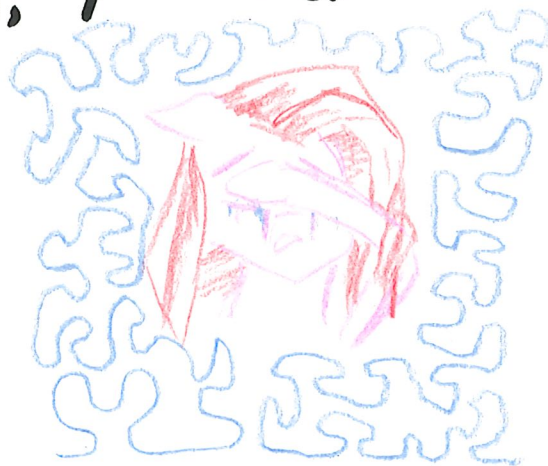


And so on and on. Running
the arguments in cycles.

With the same sincerity of
lovers swearing "love forever".

As if this time, we can finally answer
for all time "why live?"

I'm just tired of this
labyrinth of logic. Tired,
tired. It's hard to get
them to admit an idea when
their happiness depends on not admitting it.



Every little thing is exhausting,
and I both want time to stand still and
to rush to the happy day when I'm dead.



If Celestia is real. If she says to me
that I can be given one paradise, I will ask
for a world where a pony like me cannot
exist. I am the thing standing in the
way to paradise.

If I have to exist, then
let me stay in a beautiful
crystal ball world.



And the eye...

My tragedy is that of a turtle, grabbed by an
eagle and soaring to the skies. Seeing all in one
sight, and utterly paralyzed. Death follows
as I fall back to the ground.

But I have written enough philosophy.

Enough philosophy. Numbers now.



Everything by default go to Twi. If she refuses something, then it goes to Fluttershy. And the ordering continues: AJ, Maud, Marble, Limestone, garbage heap.
Rarity, RD,

Apartment, if it can be sold, then sell it.

Money, not a lot. About 20,000 bits in the bank. I already designated Twi as my inheritor at the bank.

My plushies. If they don't want those, then just burn them. Same for my clothes and diary and paper arts and crafts.

I really don't have a lot...

My pain will be buried with me. Like it has never been here.

Funeral. Be simple. My photo in black frames. Just my friends, and sisters. Cry or laugh or eat cake—all the same to me. Whatever they want is fine.

After all, funerals are not help to make the dead one happy, but the living.



Perhaps I died not from too little love, but too little hate. If I truly hated something, I would bite on and fight rabid.

But I don't hate enough. I don't love much about the world, but neither do I hate. I just feel homesick, nostalgic for the world of $\emptyset$ whence I came.

In the twilight of my life, I forgive the world. May it forgive me as well.

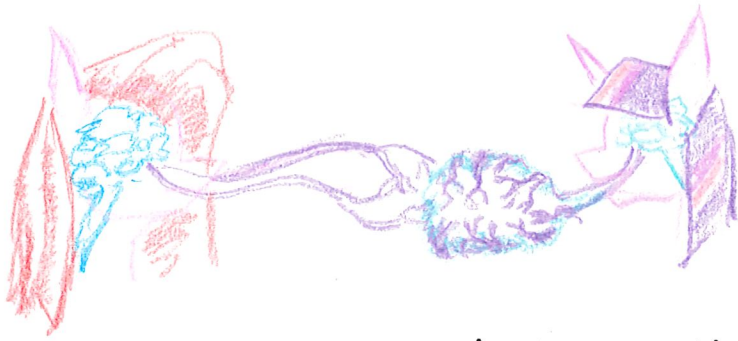


I forgive parents, who cannot help but give birth.
I forgive teachers, who cannot help but beat us.
I forgive time, who cannot help but age us.
I forgive the living, who cannot help but cling to life.
May they forgive me, who cannot help but return to unlife.

Celestia is watching and laughing. All amuses her.

Belief about the death thereafter.

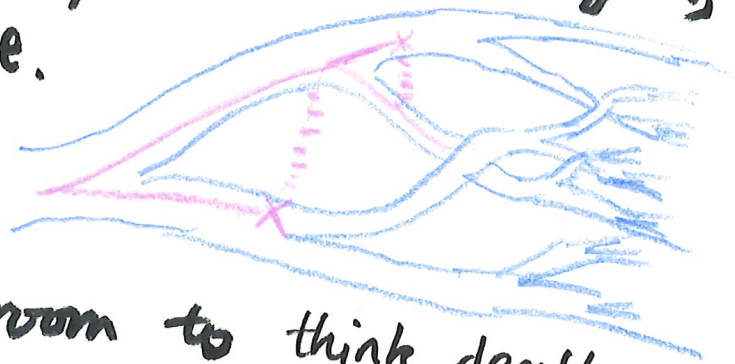
Statistically, not interesting. I believe in nothing strongly. More precisely, I believe in what my best friend or love believes in.



So, Twi believes in some complicated "information-theoretic" stuff, the gist is that

self is a symbolic pattern in the brain, so afterlife is possible, though unlikely. If it does happen, it'll most likely be our world again, in a parallel universe.

RD flatly doesn't think about it. Her brain is so full of life there's no room to think death.



AJ and Rarity are in the "legacy by business empire" category. I can respect that. It is achievable, not superstitions, and makes them happy. Businesses fail, but slowly enough.

Fluttershy is kind of all foresty, and "earth is a giant cell," and "I'll return to the big conscious below". Well, bleh. Earth is a ball of mud.

When I was a filly, I was once trapped in a crystal cave when adventuring with Maud. She was chasing a bouquet of selenite veined with alabaster, accidentally left me behind.

I listened her steps fade, sponged by the darkness, jelly-like.

With instant light, death met my brain.

I thought, "Forever dark, silent, until I can't feel a single hair on my pelt..."



I walked into a large geode alcove and curled up on the floor. A sudden coldness on my snout. Water from the roof. I thought out loud, "I will melt. Water will wash my fur off. Crystals will grow in my bones. My marrow becomes geodes."

I held the picture of a "crystal-me" in my brain until they found me. Parents beat me severely, more than Maud. It made me wish I had never been found.

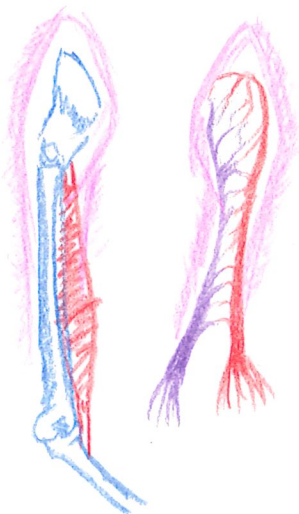
And so on the same day, I learned of death both as horror and as an escape from horror. Thanks mama & papa.

Why did they beat me? They are that kind of traditional. They said like, "Your body and bones and flesh and hair are our gift. You must protect it with reverence."

and "Be industrious and make a name for yourself, so that our family name will be exalted."



and "Beating is caring & scolding is loving." I wish they had loved me to death.



How should I die? Probably just charcoal or something. The important thing is to avoid traumatizing the girls. I guess if I can steal some strong bear tranquilizers from FL, that would be best. Realistically I guess I'll have charcoal.

I can dress in garbage bags. I'm literally trash lol. Probably they can have a good laugh.

Well, that was easy.

What remains to do?

Nothing really. Facing only the void.

I'm hungry. I want cake.



A parable

Woke up; saw the gray and orange ceiling. Loud shouts on the right.

Two guards dragged a pony away.

I bumped head against the wall. Black out. White out. Hateful faces in focus.

"You are not allowed to die. You are on the death row!" "Impetuous fool! We demand that you wait for your execution and live your death row days to the fullest."

"Fourth suicide? What a loser. Criminally insane. Only mad ponies suicide. Sane ones stride to their execution after a ripe long month on the death row."

Laughter and cheering all around. Applause. Kicks on my shin for good measure.



I am the lover of Ms Death.

My suicide notes are love letters.

Cults drenched with her lipsticks kiss
Dancing through the dreamless sleeps,
Beyond the jealous clench of Proprietor Life.
Finally I will be settling down
My happy ever after without illusions.



The Letter

Dear child,

Enjoy your gift of life.

P.S. You are forbidden to throw the gift away.

Love,
Parents

When the world was still warm,
when the rocks were still dimly red embers,

Another
parable

Celestia and Luna ascended the highest point
on earth and asked the spirits of heaven and
earth: "Shall they create, or shall they not?"

The spirits all were silent. In their wordless
command, "No more creation."

The sisters descended the mountain, but
their decision was made even before asking.
So they created for their own sakes.

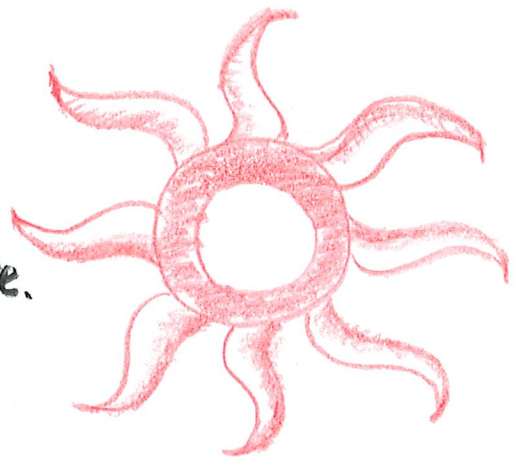
Many dynasties later, Luna confronted
Celestia. "Admit our mistakes. We can still
turn back the world." "Don't you dare forget
the sun, love."

The sun creates, by nature.

It does not create for a goal.

It does not create for love or hate.

It is indifferent in its glory.



If only I can be indifferent like the Sun,
I forgive the innocent cruelty of Celestia.

Literature review — everypony needs one!

I went to the library and read 
a few books about last words and suicide notes.

Last Words. Some funny & short. Some mundane
(and thus anti-joke). Some purple prose (boring).

Some are pain turned barely coherent (similar to
suicide notes, in this regard).

Death poems elegant, probably I will try one,
if only I know how to poetry. They are made of
season word + death + impermanence.

Suicide notes Rarely elegant. Probably because of
the low status accorded to suicides. If suicide is
more of a high art, then suicide notes will be more
elegant, like the last conversation of Socrates.

Okay, here's my attempt at death poem.

「The world is not my friend」
— yet this is not the why of my despair
I still have passion to give to
「Partings, dyings, yesterdays, silences.」

Gratitude

I'm grateful for some things.

The love and care of the girls. And, I hope, their understanding, and not resuscitating me.

Allowed to live on my own, so I can plan my death with some order and peace.

Technology, especially plastic bags, touchscreens, phones, golems, fridges, shampoos, diet drinks, etc.

Maud Pie. Somehow I know she will be the one, if only one pony in all of Equestria will understand.

Sugar. For being sweet.

Last words

Maud: If I could, I'd wish to spend an eternity with you in an infinite care system, exploring and classifying rocks. We will be fillies forever.

Tw: I'm sorry for wasting your time. Chase your dream destiny. I chased mine.

RD: If you're risking your life, try to die cool okay? Don't die lame like drunk flying.

Die saving foals from a fire, or in an Olympic race.

AJ: I've loved your apple treats more than any bakery's. Maybe start a bakery too?

Rarity: You will figure it out. You are strong and not overthinking like me. You will be successful and enter the aristocrat class. You are born for it.

Flutter: I was half hoping we could die together. I'm sorry, but I can't wait forever. Thank you for those late night silent vigils when we touched each other's scars.

Parents: Behold thy crime. Behold thy paying the debt thee incurred. The cycle of abuse is broken.



I understand you.

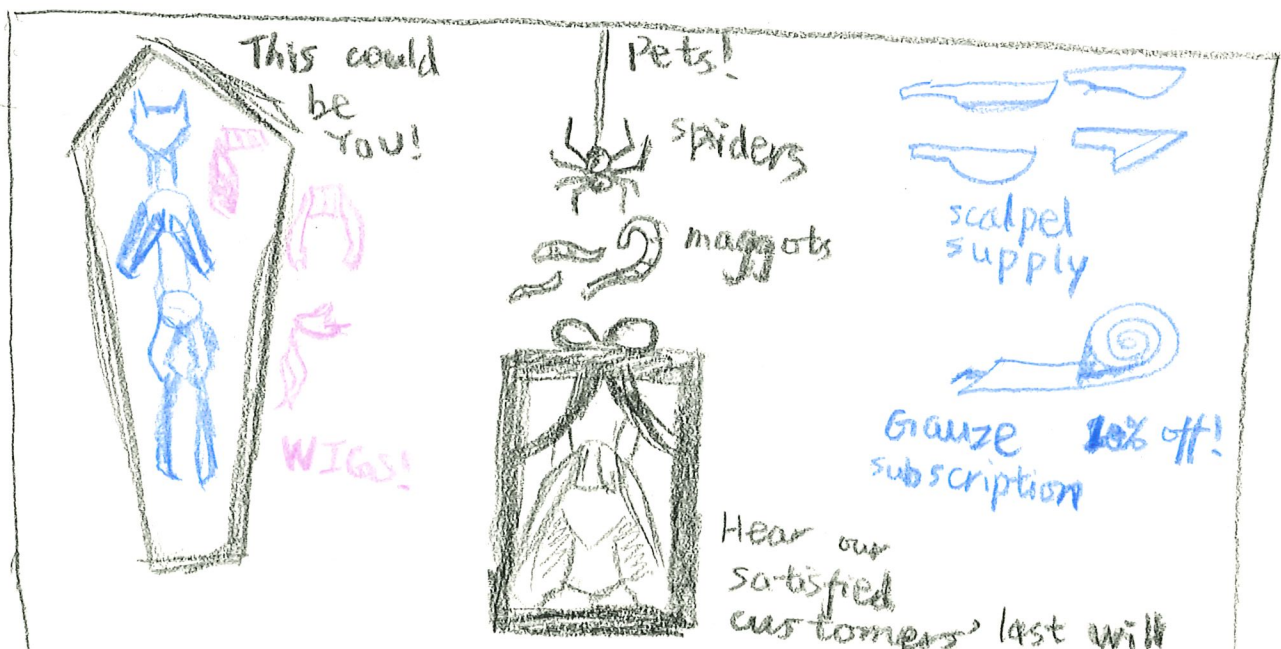
I am happy you are dead.

The future is a dreary thing

When I was thinking of the future,
I thought of only the cars and planes and
golems, faster but doing the same things.

If I could design a better society, it
will be this society but with one difference.

Suicides will be just another choice, like
moving far away, going to the moon, or joining
a secluded island world. There will be cool
gothic shops where you can pose for mock
suicides and funerals, right next door to a
cutting supply shop. The fantasy makes me smile.



In the better world, maybe I will go to a meeting club for ponies like me. I will find another - Twilight there, and we will be seeing each other's desires. We will go to the goth shop and wear the deathly decorations and laugh with tongues out. We will bleed each other and draw something together with both of our blood, then press the cuts together.

Your blood in me and my blood in you.

We will go to a travel agency and you'll simply say, "Girl's Last Tour". The receptionist will smile and open a binder. We will sit on a sofa and read through the selection. We will simultaneously point at one, smile, and go to the receptionist.

We will take a bus to the mountains and settle down at a villa. Every day,

we will write, draw, and love like it's the
end of the world. And when all our pens have
run out of ink, we will finally take our
two bottles of clear liquid and hold each other
waiting for night to fall.

We will be buried together forever & ever.



We really are running out of everything;
pages, time, things to write, ink, food, hope.

That's okay. Pain is running out, too.

Perhaps more therapy, more medicine, more—
I don't need more of these. I just need
more acceptance.

All my life I have a crawling feeling
of being an outsider. In death, I will again
have my death taken away as a lesson,
a counterexample, a case study.

They gave a life I didn't ask for, then they
would read a death as the author is dead.

How
distant
everything
feels
to me



Gliding under the afternoon ripples

The curtains flutter so-and-so

A few branches finger forth

This sack of flesh, gem on water

An ampulla cut in the middle

Yet the water inside remains unsplit

Slumped over an ax

As if over a cello

And the rope coiled under bed

Sunlight chops you up in forest

Like it chopped up south winds.



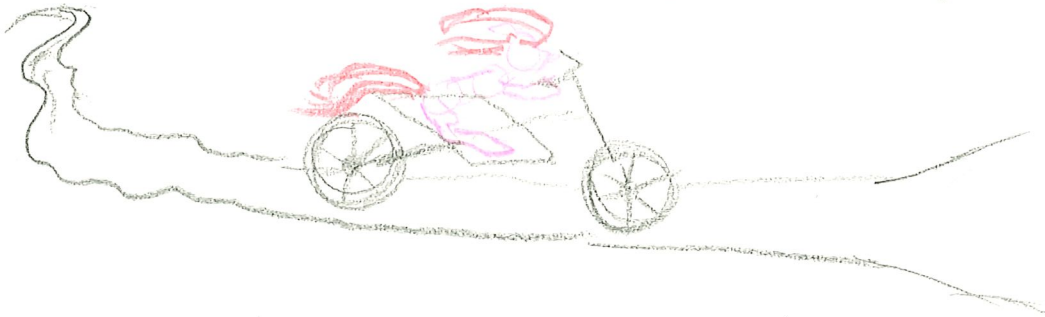
You clinked the gun and
Returned home alone

Like a pigeon

Falling on a scarlet basket



From tomorrow on, I'll be happy
Fix motorbikes, chop firewood, travel the world.
Attend the staples and vegetables.
I have a house, facing the sea, blossoms of spring



From tomorrow on, I'll call all my loves
Tell them of my lightning bolt happiness
I'll tell everypony to name
Every river, every mountain with a soft and warm name.

Dear stranger, I wish too, to you

A future shining in the sun

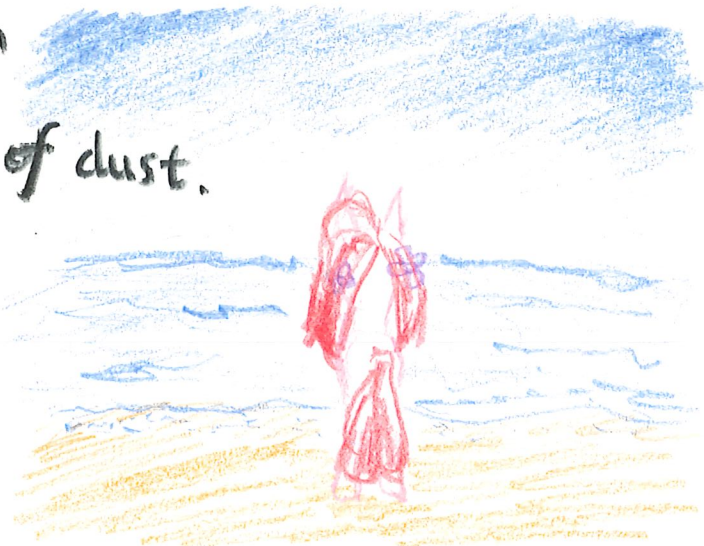
A lover for life and death

A happy place in this world of dust.

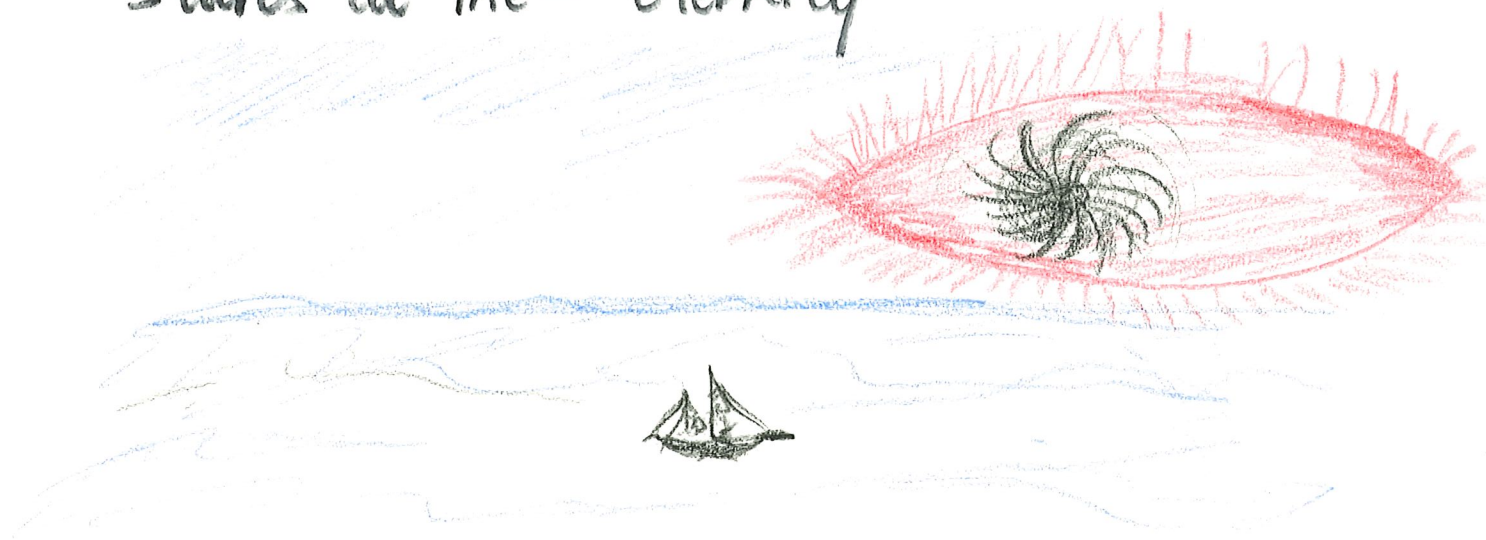
I wish only to

Face the sea

Blossoms of spring



That way is my will I trust
In my mind and in my grip
Without plan into the vast
Open sea I head my ship
All is shining new and newer
Upon space and time sleeps noon
Only its eye — monstrously
Stares at me — eternity



Because I could not stop for Death
She kindly stopped for me
The carriage held but just ourselves
And Immortality

We slowly drove — She knew no haste
And I had put away
My labor and my leisure too
For Her civility

We passed the school where fillies strove
At recess in the ring
We passed the field of yazing grain
We passed the setting Sun

Since then — 'tis Centuries — and yet
Feels shorter than the day
I first surmised the horses' heads
Were toward Eternity —



She lived by planning, died by acting. **Epitaphs**

Lost a staring contest with an Eye only she sees.
A joke of nature. This is the punchline.

Life is matter having a nightmare. She woke up.

The sea of bitterness is edgeless. Turn back
and there's the shore.

Morning dew, summer lightning, stream bubble,
warecrest foam.

Mourn those unborns who wanted to be born.

Falling is the essence of flowers and fireworks.

Here lies one whose name was writ in frostings.

I've finally stopped getting sadder.

She's a genius. Graduated the school of life early.

There's no necessary life for there's no necessary birth.

Just having my beauty sleep. See you in a bit!

I had always known that I would take this road,
but yesterday, I did not know it would be today.

If suicide is a sin, good — at least I deserve
to be here. Everypony else is an imposter here!

Come midnight and watch / The silver edge creep —

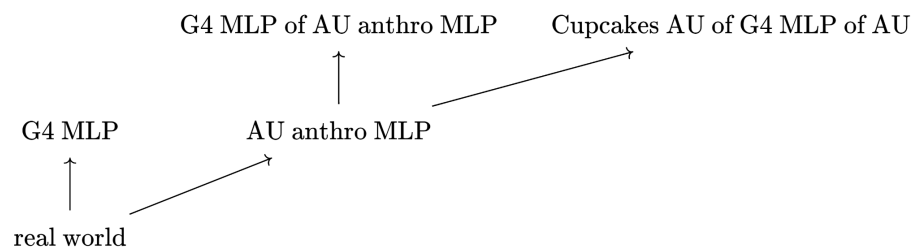
Pinkamena's journal, which appeared during the intermission, is available for download:

▣ Last Resort project .

P1

Anthro Pinkamena is a fan of the G4 MLP in her world. So she has read a fanfic (written by anthro-Sergeant Sprinkles) titled *Cupcakes* that takes place in an AU for the G4 MLP in the AU anthro MLP world.

(Yes, this means there are no less than 5 worlds involved...)



P2

1012-02-23 means "Year 1012, February 23"

P4

Explaining the joke about "a golem to be happy for me":

The main thing about the joke is that there are two ways to read "The golem is happy for me."

The usual way: "The golem is happy for me because I did something great, and I feel happy.

The golem is my friend, so it is happy too, because my happiness is their happiness."

The depressing way: "I can't be happy, but I need to be happy. I know! I will make a golem to do the job of 'be happy' for me."

P5

The illustration is directly taken from Descartes' *Tractatus de Homine* [*Treatise on Human*], page 139.

"P-zombies" are "philosophical zombies". Descartes' philosophy states that there's the body, and there's the soul, and they somehow interact. P-zombies theory states that there's the body, and that's it, and consciousness is not real.



P6

Rainbow Dash "pulls levers" because she works at the weather factory.

P7

"temporal lobe of theology"

Epilepsy at the temporal lobe has sometimes made people have profound mystical experiences.

See for example *"An investigation of religiosity and the Gastaut–Geschwind syndrome in patients with temporal lobe epilepsy"* (2006).

Search "[temporal epilepsy religion mysticism](#)" for more.

P10

ICD-10-CM Diagnosis Code F41.9 - Anxiety disorder, unspecified

ICD-10-CM Diagnosis Code F32.A - Depression, unspecified

Nystagmus: a condition of involuntary eye movement.

P13

The labyrinth is a classical Cretan design, but I drew it from memory, just as Pinkamena would have done.



"Labyrinth with no walls" is inspired by Borges' very short story *The Two Kings and the Two Labyrinths*. Since a labyrinth is supposed to be a place where you get lost in, a desert that you can get lost in would be a "labyrinth with no walls".

If I feel constantly lost in life despite there being no particular barrier to stop me, then it feels like a labyrinth with no walls.

It is said by men worthy of belief (though Allah's knowledge is greater) that in the first days there was a king of the isles of Babylonia who called together his architects and his priests and bade them build him a labyrinth so confused and so subtle that the most prudent men would not venture to enter it, and those who did would lose their way. Most unseemly was the edifice that resulted, for it is the prerogative of God, not man, to strike confusion and inspire wonder. In time there came to the court a king of 1 Arabs, and the king of Babylonia (to muck the simplicity of his guest) bade him enter the labyrinth, where the king of Arabs wandered, humiliated and confused, until the coming of the evening, when he implored God's aid and found the door. His lips offered no complaint, though he said to the king of Babylonia that in his land he had another labyrinth, and Allah willing, he would see that someday the king of Babylonia made its acquaintance. Then he returned to Arabia with his captains and his wardens and he wreaked such havoc upon kingdoms of Babylonia, and with such great blessing by fortune, that he brought low his castles, crushed his people, and took the king of Babylonia himself captive. He tied him atop a swift-footed camel and led him into the desert. Three days they rode, and then he said to him, "O king of time and substance and cipher of the century! In Babylonia didst thou attempt to make me lose my way in a labyrinth of brass with many stairways, doors, and walls; now the Powerful One has seen fit to **allow me to show thee mine, which has no stairways to climb, nor walls to impede thy passage.**" Then he untied the bonds of the king of Babylonia and abandoned him in the middle of the desert, where he died of hunger and thirst. **Glory to him who does not die.**

P14

The doppelganger is often considered a very bad omen, often of death.

<https://www.atlasobscura.com/articles/history-doppelganger>

Repeat meetings, specifically three, always meant that the end was near. If someone else saw your doppelgänger, it could mean that you may be very ill.

P16

In the picture, "carving nature at its joints" is a phrase philosophers often use when discussing "[natural kinds](#)", and it came from Plato. But this is just name-dropping. The picture has no philosophical meaning.

P18

Pinkamena is trying to analyze the game by three methods.

1. The game tree method. It works for sequential games, and is probably the right approach here.
2. The payoff matrix method. It works for simultaneous-move games. Sequential games *can* be converted to the payoff matrix method, but it would require more columns.
3. The saddle point method, which is the unique Nash equilibrium for zero-sum games (*Zur Theorie der Gesellschaftsspiele*, von Neumann 1928). It doesn't work because love is not a zero-sum game. Nash equilibrium for general games exists (Equilibrium points in n-person games, Nash 1950), but I can't illustrate it with a picture.

P20

Two poetic references

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain (Emily Dickinson)

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain,
And Mourners to and fro
Kept treading - treading - till it seemed
That Sense was breaking through -
...

Macbeth (Shakespeare)

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

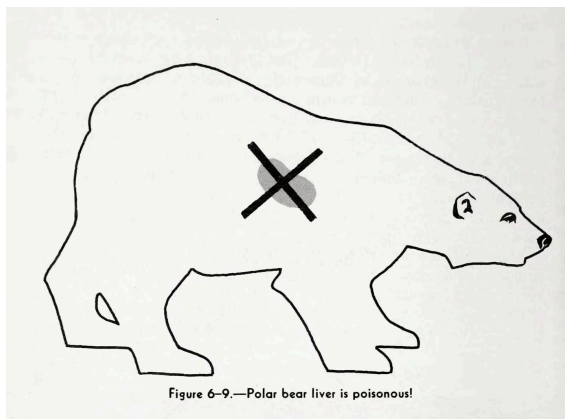
P21

The scalpel chart. There are many of those. I recommend types 10, 10A, 11, 21.



P22

Hypervitaminosis A happens after eating some kinds of livers, especially polar bear livers.



from a U.S. Navy survival manual, "The Naval Arctic Operations Handbook," 1949.

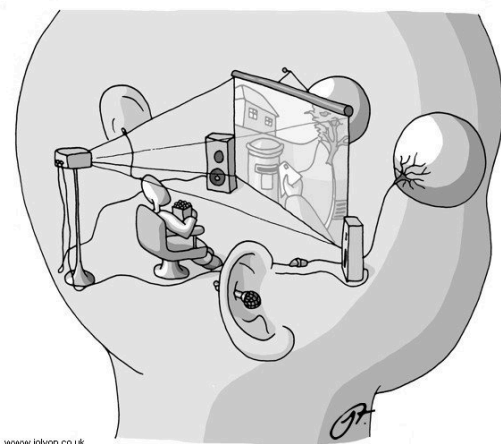
P23

It is actually $e^{i\pi} = -1$.

Pinkamena is not a mathematician.

P25

"The Pinkamena show" is drawn like the "Cartesian theatre".



P26

"Birth, aging, sickness and death" are the 4 forms of suffering, according to Buddhism. It's drawn in a circle, because in Buddhism, life keeps going in a cycle of rebirths.

P28

It's a well-known paradox of infinity. It's often stated like this:

The devil would like to play a game with you. Every second it pays you two dollars, but takes away one. After playing it infinitely many times, you ended up with no money, even though your money kept growing all the time.

For an analysis, as well as more weird crap like this, see Hamkins, Joel David. "Supertask computation." *LöPirä04* (2004): 141-158.

Personally I think all those "supertask paradoxes" are nonsense, but it keeps the logicians busy with made-up work.

P31

The book is *完全自殺マニュアル* (鶴見済, 1993), a controversial best-seller in Japan.

P39

"This hole! It was made for me!" meme for The Enigma of Amigara Fault.

[Japanese really has a lot of sound-words.](#) Even things that seem like they have no sound has sound. For example, "moyamoya" means "the sound of worrying or wondering what to do".

P40

Illustration was kind of based on *天国へ行こう* (Let's Go to Heaven), vocaloid song by Kikuo.

P42

Empedocles, ancient philosopher, best known for originating the theory of the four classical elements (water, fire, earth, air).

There are myths concerning his death. Some said that he was removed from the Earth; others said he jumped into the volcano Etna.

P43

Two metaphors from physics: gyroscopic precession, Brownian motion.

P44

Insurance is a form of gambling, and it was recognized as such back when it started in the 17th century. However, over time, it has become legally and psychologically cut away from gambling. Now insurance is respectable, and gambling is still not respectable, even though economists recognize insurance for what it is: gambling on your time of death.

For details of how it happened, see *How insurance became (mostly) not gambling* (2014).

P50

The simile for stars as the "shining rivets of the heavens" came to me years ago, when reading the poem of the poet Xu Lizhi, who suicided in 2014. Translated at [The poetry and brief life of a Foxconn worker: Xu Lizhi \(1990-2014\) | libcom.org](http://libcom.org/workers/Xu-Lizhi-1990-2014)

《我咽下一枚铁做的月亮》

"I Swallowed a Moon Made of Iron"

我咽下一枚铁做的月亮

I swallowed a moon made of iron

他们把它叫做螺丝

They refer to it as a nail

我咽下这工业的废水，失业的订单

I swallowed this industrial sewage, these unemployment documents

那些低于机台的青春早早夭亡

Youth stooped at machines die before their time

我咽下奔波，咽下流离失所

I swallowed the hustle and the destitution

咽下人行天桥，咽下长满水锈的生活

Swallowed pedestrian bridges, life covered in rust

我再咽不下了

I can't swallow any more

所有我曾经咽下的现在都从喉咙汹涌而出

All that I've swallowed is now gushing out of my throat

在祖国的领土上铺成一首

Unfurling on the land of my ancestors

耻辱的诗

Into a disgraceful poem.

-- 19 December 2013

"I should have been the child of a tiger and a shark" is from *Les Chants de Maldoror*

One day my mother, her eyes glassy-looking, said to me: 'When you are in bed and you hear the barking of the dogs in the countryside, hide beneath your blanket but do not deride what they do: they have an insatiable thirst for the infinite, as you, and I, and all other pale, long-faced human beings do... I will even permit you to stand at the window and see this spectacle, which is rather magnificent.'

Since that time I have respected the dead woman's wish. Like those dogs, I feel the need for the infinite. I cannot, cannot satisfy this need. I am the son of a man and a woman, from what I have been told. This astonishes me... I believed I was something more. Besides, what does it matter to me where I come from? If I had had any choice, **I would rather have been born the male of a female shark, whose hunger welcomes tempests, and of the tiger, whose cruelty is well-known.**

P52

The image in my mind came from Kafka's diary:

While it is death that must still strike down the others, though they may have spent all their lives in a sickbed - for even though they would have gone down by themselves long ago from their own weakness, they nevertheless hold fast to their loving, very healthy relatives by blood and marriage - he, this bachelor, still in the midst of life, apparently of his own free will resigns himself to an ever smaller space, and **when he dies the coffin is exactly right for him.**

For some reason, Kafka really disliked bachelors. Probably some kind of psychological problem.

P56

"Swerve of atoms in void" was [Lucretius' attempt](#) to add free will back into ancient Greek atomism. I drew that circle thing by looking at an [ensō](#).

P57

Pinkamena is starting to have serious [depressive psychosis](#).

P61

Drawing based on the [High-frequency Active Auroral Research Program](#).



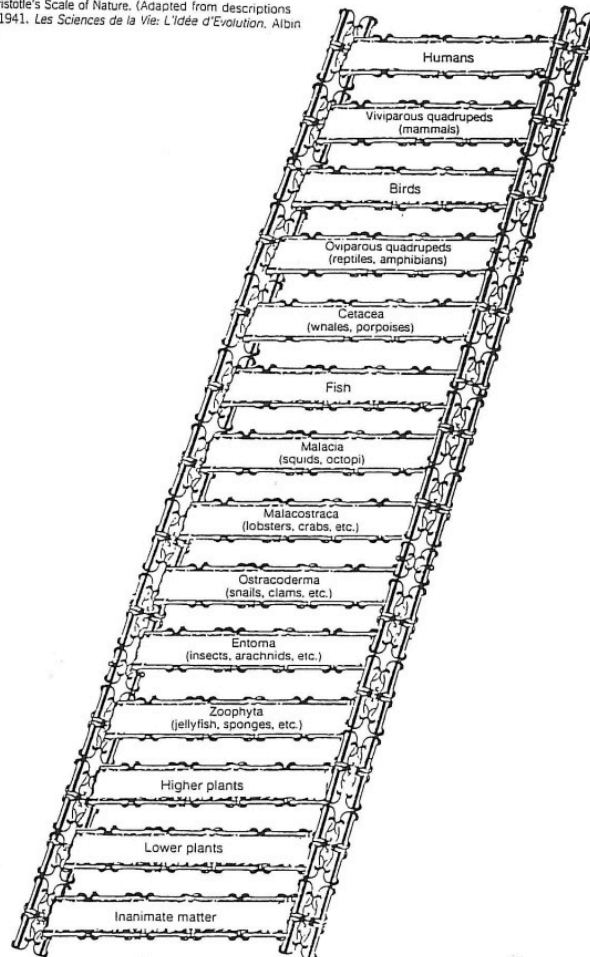
P64

In cosmology, the Big Rip is a hypothetical cosmological model concerning the ultimate fate of the universe, in which the matter of the universe, from stars and galaxies to atoms and subatomic particles, and even spacetime itself, is progressively torn apart by the expansion of the universe at a certain time in the future, until distances between particles will infinitely increase.

P65

It's a Scale of Nature (Scala Natura).

FIGURE 1-2 Aristotle's Scale of Nature. (Adapted from descriptions in E. Guyénot, 1941. *Les Sciences de la Vie: L'idée d'Évolution*. Albin Michel, Paris.)



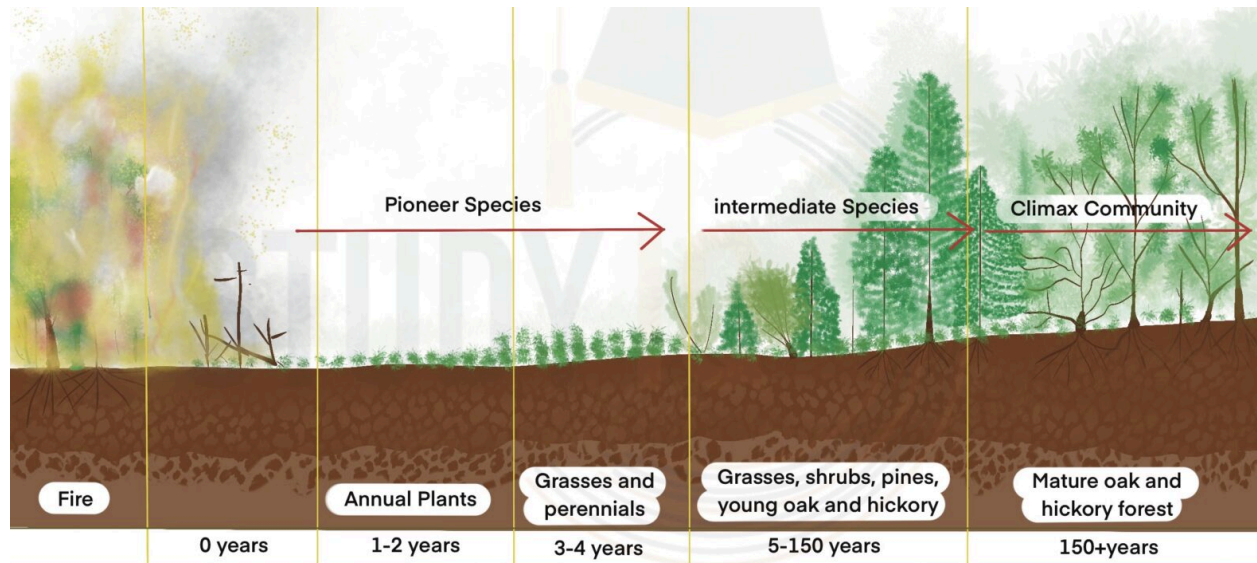
V1 cortex, also called primary visual cortex, is the main part of the brain that processes visual images. Some scientists think that electric noise in the V1 cortex is the source of dream-images.

Arrhichion of Phigalia was a champion pankratiast in the ancient Olympic Games. He died while successfully defending his championship in the pankration at the 54th Olympiad. Arrhichion has been described as "the most famous of all pankratiasts". According to Pausanias:

For when he was contending for the wild olive with the last remaining competitor, whoever he was, the latter got a grip first, and held Arrhachion, hugging him with his legs, and at the same time he squeezed his neck with his hands. Arrhachion dislocated his opponent's toe, but expired owing to suffocation; but he who suffocated Arrhachion was forced to give in at the same time because of the pain in his toe. The Eleans crowned and proclaimed victor the corpse of Arrhachion.

P73

Ecological succession is the process of change in the species that make up an ecological community over time. The process of succession occurs either after the initial colonization of a newly created habitat, or after a disturbance substantially alters a pre-existing habitat.



Secondary Succession

P80

"A vague sense of anxiety about my own future" (何か僕の将来に対する唯ぼんやりした不安である) is the reason for death given by Ryūnosuke Akutagawa, in his suicide note [A Note to a Certain Old Friend](#).

P82

Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius, by Jorge Luis Borges

From the remote depths of the corridor, the mirror spied upon us. We discovered (such a discovery is inevitable in the late hours of the night) that mirrors have something monstrous about them. Then Bioy Casares recalled that one of the heresiarchs of Uqbar had declared that **mirrors and copulation are abominable, because they increase the number of men.**

"Hanabi" is Japanese fireworks, which has the cool name 花火 meaning "flower-fire".

That mare is [Lin Daiyu](#).

One of the enduring images of Daiyu, often portrayed in Chinese art and re-enacted in Chinese operas, is "Daiyu burying the flowers" (黛玉葬花, Chapters 27–8). Overcome by a spell of melancholy after a misunderstanding with Baoyu, Daiyu goes to the garden to bury fallen petals at a hillside, wrapping them in silk to keep them pure, and falls in deep weeping at their (and her own) transience. She composed an elegiac ballad for the dead petals, which evokes a sympathetic response in the eavesdropping Baoyu.

Now you are dead and gone,

I gather you for the grave,
And I'm not yet able to foretell
when my own death will be mourned.

P84

"Funny bone" is a funny name for the ulnar nerve. It's not even a bone???

"I have discovered a truly remarkable proof of this theorem which this margin is too small to contain."
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fermat's_Last_Theorem

P87

The picture is based on Schopenhauer's philosophy.

When I close my eyes, the outside world disappears, but the inside world is still there. The outside world and the inside world are two sides of the same world. The inside world is the world of Will. The outside world is the representation of the Will.

In the beginning, there was only a big Will and nothing else. The Will is like a giant amoeba in empty space. Then the Will spreads out like a large amoeba, with millions of little branches.

When one branch of the Will touches another branch, a representation appears.

The outside world is what happens when one branch of the Will smashes into a million other branches of the same Will. I am a branch of the Will. When I close my eyes, every other branch disappears, and I feel only this one branch I am on. In this way, everyone is connected deep down into one large Will.

This Will is nasty. It struggles and eats itself. One branch strangling another branch. This is why I draw it as a giant dark lake underground.

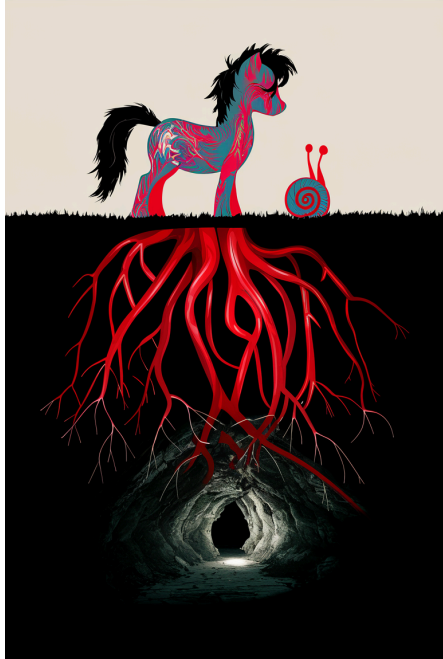


Image created by Ideogram 1.0.

P92

Twilight believes in the branching multiverse, which appears in the many-worlds interpretation of quantum mechanics.

Fluttershy believes in the Gaia theory.

P94

All real quotes from Chinese parenting classics.

《孝经·开宗明义》

仲尼居，曾子侍。子曰：「先王有至德要道，以顺天下，民用和睦，上下无 怨。汝知之乎？」曾子避席曰：「参不敏，何足以知之？」子曰：「夫孝，德之本也，教之所由生也。复坐，吾语汝。身体发肤，受之父母，不敢毁伤，孝之始也。立身行道，扬名于后世，以显父母，孝之终也。夫孝，始于事亲，中于事君，终于立身。《大雅》云：『无念尔祖，聿修厥德。』」

The classic of filial piety - Clarification of the key idea

When Confucius was sitting, and Zengzi was standing beside him (in service), Confucius said, "The old kings (meaning the mystic founding kings of China, before any dynasty happened) believed in using the utmost morality to make all people live in harmony, and no strife would happen between the above and the below. Do you know about it?" Zengzi said, "I humbly would like to know."

Confucius said, "Filial piety is the foundation of morality and the birth of civilization. Sit down and I'll tell you. **The body, the hair, the skin, they are all gifts from your parents. To be fearful of harming them is the beginning of filial piety. To stand tall and walk the path of righteousness, and make your name in history, in order to glorify your parents, is the final goal of filial piety.** Filial piety starts with serving your parents, then with serving your emperor, and ends with becoming an upright person."

打是亲骂是爱

Beating is caring; scolding is loving.

P95

The cake is topped with [heme](#), because she was talking about carbon monoxide poisoning.

P99

Poem translated from 我和这个世界不熟 by 北岛

我和这个世界不熟。

这并非是我绝望的原因。

我依旧有很多热情，

给分开，给死亡，给昨天，给安寂。

P101

[Al-Ma'arri](#), a famous pessimist, recommended that people should not give birth, since life is not a gift. His self-composed epitaph: "This [my life] is my father's crime against me, which I myself committed against none."

P105

"The Death of the Author" is a 1967 essay by the French literary critic and theorist Roland Barthes. Barthes's essay argues against traditional literary criticism's practice of relying on the intentions and biography of an author to definitively explain the "ultimate meaning" of a text.

Here, the "death of the author" has 2 meanings:

1. Pinkamena is literally dead.
2. Her suicide would be interpreted by the living in a way that ignores her intentions, as described by Barthes.

P106

Poem translated from 自杀者之歌 by 海子

P107

My own translation of from 面朝大海，春暖花开 by 海子. I changed some small details. In particular, the original poem has "feed horse", but that's ridiculous. Ponies can't ride horses! So I changed it to "fix motorbike".



P108

Toward New Seas by Friedrich Nietzsche. It is in "Appendix: Songs of Prince Vogelfrei" of *The Gay Science*.

That way is my will, I trust
 In my mind and in my grip.
 Without plan, into the vast
 Open sea I head my ship.
 All is shining, new and newer
 Upon space and time sleeps noon
 Only your eye – monstrously,
 Stares at me, Infinity.

P109

Because I could not stop for Death by Emily Dickinson.

P110

Chinese Buddhist platitude.

The sea of bitterness is edgeless. Turn back and there's the shore.

苦海无边，回头是岸

The Diamond Sutra

This is how to contemplate our conditioned existence in this fleeting world:

Like a tiny drop of dew, or a bubble floating in a stream;
 Like a flash of lightning in a summer cloud,
 Or a flickering lamp, an illusion, a phantom, or a dream.
 So is all conditioned existence to be seen.

John Keats' epitaph

Here lies One Whose Name was writ in Water

Paul Erdős' epitaph

I've finally stopped getting dumber

Ariwara no Narihira

I have always known

That at last I would

Take this road, but yesterday

I did not know that it would be today.